

Things in General

THIRTY dollars may not be a large sum to a good many people, but there are others to whom it is a whole lot. If you have a good income, pay your servants good wages, meet your obligations, and live up to the spirit and the letter of your contracts, you need fear no pangs of conscience or censure of others if you choose to pay fancy prices for a luxury or even for good-will. But if you are existing by reason of the tolerance of your fellow-citizens, if you boldly and repeatedly break your solemn undertakings, and continually beg off from paying the penalty of your unrelenting, the squandering of so insignificant a sum as thirty dollars, even, is clearly reprehensible. Anything injurious is always luxurious. If you chop your enemy up with an axe, puncture him with a leaden pellet, insert quantities of steel between his ribs, destroy his digestion by administering illegal doses of Prussian acid and other unwholesome preparations, or exalt him above his fellows by means of dynamite and similar stimulants, you have indulged in a luxury. The personal inconvenience that will inevitably follow your indulgence definitely classifies your act. If your breakfast has no charm, if your articulation sounds like a whisper through a muff, if your chuckles inaudibly as you raise your coffee to your lips, if those dark patent medicine spots float before your eyes, if you are firmly convinced that your head belongs to someone else and you think you remember the change being made, you can safely conclude that you have recently indulged in a luxury. Expert evidence is frequently employed in losing lawsuits, and from its general hoodooishness it has come to be classified as a luxury. Expert opinion comes under the same head. If it didn't bring such a train of ill luck in its wake it might rank as a necessity. But almost invariably the effects of even a small dose of this dope will be disastrous. I have in mind that thirty dollars' worth of ear-washing wisdom that the Toronto Railway Company recently purchased from one Michael Daly, an expert whose time is valuable—one dollar and eighty cents a day or thirty dollars an hour. I don't know whether the cars were any better washed as a result of Mr. Daly's calculations in hydraulics, but the mere fact that the company paid over the thirty dollars showed luxurious intent, and consequently calamity speedily followed. It would not be altogether unreasonable to believe that this whole civic investigation has resulted from that paltry thirty dollar purchase. So long as Mr. Moore was satisfied with paying Daly for cleaning the cars, everything was all right—Toronto blundered through somehow and the people slept peacefully o' nights, blissfully ignorant of the methods by which mayors and aldermen attained office. Then Mr. Daly was asked to think. Thinking is high-class work. It can be effected only by the destruction of brain tissue—and the available supply of brain tissue in car-washers is strictly limited. Thinking is often painful, as the street railway people doubtless know; consequently it should be well paid. And then there was the hour of Mr. Daly's conversation—the expression of his thoughts in words. Mr. Daly's opinions on political economy as applied to municipal government were not, I presume, paid for. But even without them, surely Mr. Moore got good value for his money. It was not over-paying that brought the railway people to grief; it was their purchasing of expert opinion that hoodooed them. Look at the trouble that that miserable thirty dollars has caused already. Think of the annoyance it may be responsible for in the future! It is safe to say that they would rather have paid sixty dollars than have all this fuss and talk about things. People do so love gossip and speculation. One can never tell what they will think of next. Already there are those who are prying around and hinting and wondering whether any of the other railway employees were consulted on dusting as a fine art, modern car windows as compared with the work of the glass-blowers of ancient Venice, snow-shovelling as an exercise, the hanging of theater signs on rear platforms, will sand assist the wheels in gripping the rails? and other interesting subjects for essays. I dare say the Railway Company will be quite annoyed before the whole affair blows over. But it is largely their own fault. They should have been content to spend their money in trying to live up to their agreement to supply the city with a proper car service, instead of blowing it in luxuries.

LORD ALVERSTONE should have an opportunity to re-establish his reputation as a man of at least ordinary backbone or strength of character. It was no more than was to be expected of poor, weak, human nature that his lordship should succumb to the smoothness of the "three eminent jurists of repute" and the overwhelming English precedent for giving Canada the worst of it. No doubt he has seen his error long before this, but noblesse oblige made it impossible that he should acknowledge his weakness. Nevertheless, he would welcome the chance of squaring himself. In the Hudson's Bay, or Maclean Sea, difficulty lies his opportunity. Our Yankee friends, encouraged by their recent successes in carrying all before them in Alaska and Panama, are putting up a great howl over their "rights" in the Canadian inland sea. According to the latest Yankee dictionaries, "rights," when qualified by the adjective "American," becomes a synonym of "advantage," "profit," and "aim." According to Canadian ideas, the rights of the United States in Hudson's Bay are similar to their rights in Lake Winnipeg. By the convention of 1818 Yankee fishermen were granted the privilege of fishing along the coast of Labrador and northward indefinitely. To reach Hudson's Bay, Maine fishing-boats would only have to put a magnet on the right-hand side of their compass and sail between one thousand and one thousand five hundred miles into Canadian territory. Maine compasses have for number of years been equipped with this special right-hand magnet. And here is where the trouble rises. Canadians have the notion that a compass that is so unreliable should be discarded. But the Yankees object. Their peculiar style of compass suits them perfectly—it guides them safely into bays and harbors new, where cod, halibut, haddock, and other children of the sea with which Professor Loeb has not yet conducted experiments, nibble at the pond lilies and await capture. Whales spout their temptation in both the straits and bay, while on the coasts reindeer and other fleet-footed animals, gambol in the back yard of Mr. Maclean's summer cottage. The whole place is attractive and valuable, and as it unquestionably belongs to Canada foreigners should be permitted to make use of it only as foreigners. Privileges equal to those that Canadians enjoy in Lake Michigan should be granted to our neighbors, but no more. The matter should be definitely settled, and at once. The longer Canada refrains from asserting and exercising her full authority, the more difficult will it be for her to enforce her rights. Even if Lord Alverstone should not be given the job of settling the dispute—and I protest that he should have a chance to get even—a clear understanding as to the ownership of the sea should be furnished to the rest of the world, that is if Canada has any desire to deserve the respect of nations. That the United States should question our proprietorship and her citizens coolly help themselves to our goods, is humiliating. Soon they will cease to be content with our whales and fish and will start to trespass on private property. Mr. Maclean's stable of reindeer will not be safe without an armed guard.

CANADIANS are sometimes slow. The most recent example of the manner in which Canadians let the grass grow under their feet where Yankees and Englishmen are digging in and coining money has been brought out by the Russ-Jap war which the newspapers are conducting somewhere in the Orient. Long before hostilities had even been reported, and therefore very long before they had actually started, English and Yankee photographers whose regular businesses had not been prosperous appreciated the opportunity of furnishing war pictures to the press of two continents. No more waiting and watching for moon-struck 'Arrys and 'Arrists for them. War pictures were the order of the day—and war pictures they would take. No photograph studio is so modern that it lacks three or four "Mikado" and "Mandarin" scenes before which ladies of a certain uncertain age, with a weak-

ness for "comic" opera matinees, may pose as coquettish "Geisha" girls. Out came these old distempers and the photographers whose businesses had hitherto permitted them to wait for sunshiny days had to install electric lights if they would keep up with their orders. The results of their labors we see in the daily papers. The merest suggestion of a Japanese hen-coop and a few paper fans stuck on the canvas will produce most astonishing results. "Street Scene in Tokio" is labelled, and five thousand copies of the picture appear in as many newspapers within a week. The scene is then turned upside down, a Japanese tea-pot set up close to the camera, and "Japanese Imperial Arsenal" results. Another canvas, having three badly warped roofs supported by bamboo poles, is stuck up—and, lo, "Chemulpo" appears. The Chinese laundryman, whose account is something in arrears, is now brought in and made to carry his clothes-basket in front of the distemper roofs. Snap! "Chinese Coolies Driven by their Russian Masters" arouses popular indignation a week later. Of course there is only one "coolie" visible, and no Russian, but where the imagination is called on for so much, this is a mere trifle. The Chinaman is then put into his basket, persuaded to blow from its depths a mouthful of spray, in his own inimitable manner—and "Chinese Junk Blown Up in Port Arthur Harbor by Japanese Torpedo" gives the reading public a terrible insight into the horrors of war. The possibilities of the laundryman are unlimited. With a coal scuttle he is "Chinese Ammunition Carrier Impressed by the Russians." With a crowbar he is "Japanese Officer Disguised as Coolie, Attempting to Wreck a Russian Bridge." Turn a chopping board upside down on his head and he becomes "Korean Mourner in the Streets of Seoul." His tools may also be put to an almost unlimited number of uses. His clothes-basket, besides serving for the blown-up junk, may be "A Fort at Port

mistakably that, in spite of her discomfiture by Japan, she prefers her own kindred to the great European nation that has gobbed Manchuria and is ready for a further course of Chinese delicacies. Many interesting things would happen if Germany should be moved to go to the assistance of Russia, although, in the forecast of possible active allies, France is spoken of as the nation most likely to become involved as Russia's helper. If the Japanese were opposed by two European nations, England would perforce move to the fighting line, and then might be seen the strange spectacle of France and Germany (in spite of Strasburg and Sedan) fighting side by side. The San Francisco "Argonaut," commenting upon such a contingency, and the probable course of the United States, declares:

"At such a moment—should it unhappily come—this country would be the arbiter of destiny upon the sea. Should the United States remain strictly neutral, refusing to be drawn into the conflict by any provocation whatsoever, it is mathematically probable that England and her ally would meet defeat on the sea at the hands of Russia and her allies. How strong would be the feeling in this country that we should not let a nation of the same race and language meet defeat at the hands of Russia and her allies. Germany and France, is the interesting question."

The "same race and language" would probably not cut a large figure in the question. While England and the United States are in the habit of using the convenient compound, "Anglo-Saxon" to define their racial peculiarities, the English cannot accurately be called Anglo-Saxon, Tennyson, coming nearer the mark when he says:

"For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt or whatever we be"

Much less can the people of the United States be correctly

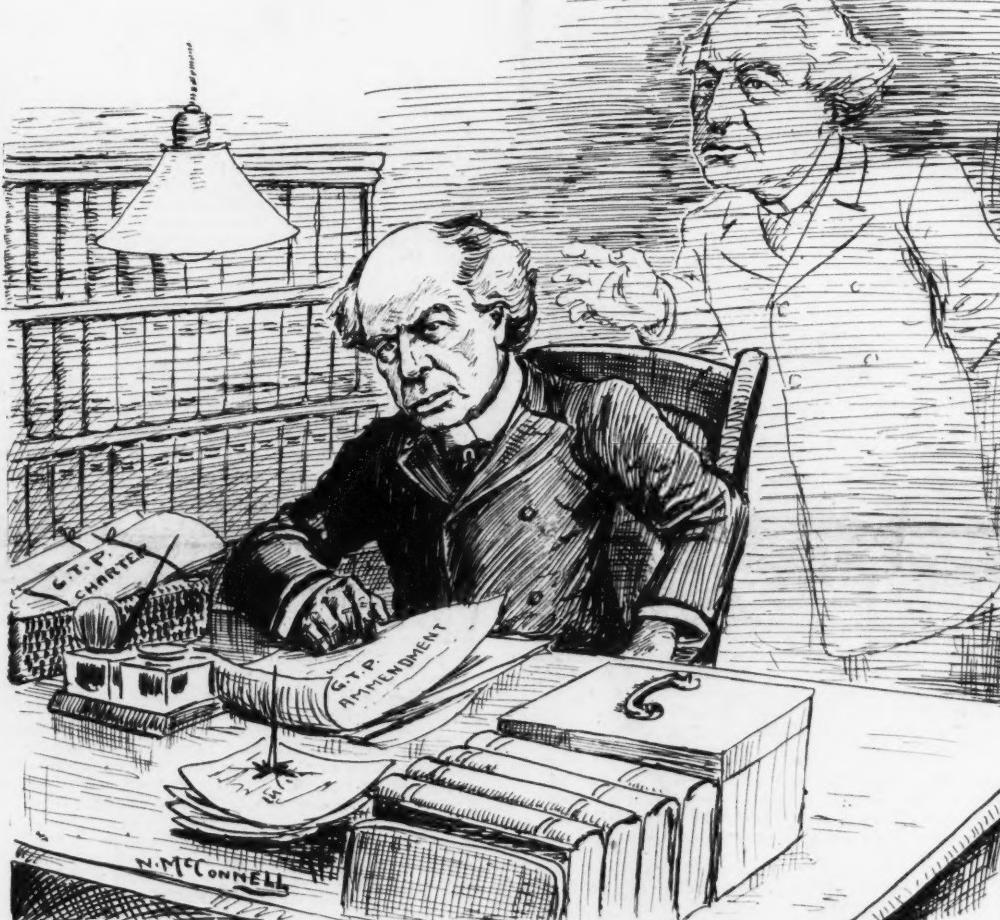
say to place some "opportunity" above the prison portals: "Express trains dash through these grounds will kindly pass the front gates and observe an orderly route through the park. Passengers are positively forbidden to pick the flowers." Fortunately no one was injured, although "the guard on the wall was made uncomfortable" while the locomotive was forcing its way through the bricks. The path of a prison guard is not exactly strewn with primroses, but I am compelled to admit that it is entirely unfair to expect gentlemen of this profession to confront express trains with friendliness and unanimity.

IT doesn't take much to set civilized nations a-celebrating and telling each honored guest of the evening that he is a jolly good fellow and that it would be perfectly absurd under the circumstances to go home before morning. Across the border during the last two months, the anniversary of Lincoln's and of Washington's birthday gave occasion for much praise of these heroes and much weariness to the diners, in the form of patriotic speeches. If ever a man has suffered at the hands of his injudicious friends, it is George Washington. He has been pictured as a pulling little pig whom every human child must hate, and the color has been well-nigh washed from a character that was, really, robust and manly. As a soldier, Washington hardly stands among the world's greatest, since he was nearly always unsuccessful in attack and showed an especial genius for the waiting game. Marlborough, to say nothing of Napoleon, went away ahead of George the First of the White House. It was, rather, in the chaotic days after the free and equal States began to settle down and send the "loyalists" about their business, that Washington's administrative power showed its real scope and strength. He remained singularly an Englishman of the Hampden type, with a touch of the Southern aristocrat. He would be as ill at ease as the Earl of Chatham himself in the modern republic of trusts and combines. Lincoln is much closer to the popular idea of the United States' leader—a man of the working-people, rugged, shrewd, uncouth, with a strength that was undimmed when confronted by the bloodiest war of the last century—a man of cool head, steady hand and, withal, of kindly heart. It is poor work to prophesy—most of us will not be alive a hundred years from now, unless it may be a stray senator or so. But, in the year 2004 Lincoln banquets may yet be held, for, to borrow Carlyle's estimate of Scott, there was no sounder piece of American manhood put together in the nineteenth century than Abraham Lincoln.

IT is bad enough to have a street car service so bad that it gives us the strapholder's arm, the strapholder's shoulder and the strapholder's knee without our discovering that it is damaging us spiritually as well as physically, but it is to be feared such is the case. Observers say that more women have given up the habit of rising and giving up their seats unless the lady in the case happens to be better-looking than usual. Some of them sit there brazenly, some sit shamefaced, some resort to subterfuge, and burying their noses in their papers refuse to see. But in any case the result is the same, the women have to stand and chivalry goes away back somewhere and smokes on the rear platform. Probably the man who sits while the woman stands reasons it out this way: "I paid for my seat and I got it; that woman there paid for a seat and didn't get it, but that's the fault of the company." And so, as is humanity's custom, having shifted the moral obligation on to the broad shoulders of a soulless corporation, he goes on reading his paper. It may be that the said reasons it out still further. Probably he says to himself, "It's now six o'clock. I am going home because my work for the day is done. I couldn't go home before because the office or the shop doesn't close early, but that lady there in the sealskin saucé has had all afternoon to stroll through the shops and could have gone home before the crush began if she had wanted to. She ought to be ashamed of herself, anyway, to be riding home here at six with a lot of honest hard-working men while her husband and children are probably sitting at home, cold and desolate, hungry and annoyed because the wife and mother isn't there when she ought to be," and as he says all this to himself he feels quite comfortable sitting there and glares indignantly at the standing woman. Of course he reasons falsely. Of course shopping is as hard work as any other line of wealth producing; perhaps he sat all day in his office and would be physically bettered by stretching his legs and standing up and stretching his arms and developing his muscles hanging on to a strap or endeavoring to stand up without one, but for all that the sitting man very probably has it all reasoned out more or less on the lines above indicated, and as the man drunk will often say what the man sober will only think, a little incident that occurred on a Bloor and McCaul car the other day, may serve for an illustration. A workingman who had evidently been celebrating some event climbed aboard the car and wedged himself inside the door. He stood a while in silence and then he burst out: "Why don't some of you women get up and give the men seats? Look at them. All the men standing and all the women sitting. These are hard-working men and they're all tired. Why don't you get up?" But his appeal fell on deaf ears, for not a woman rose.

THE union plumbers of the city, it seems, are after a raise in pay, and are asking that their wages be increased from the 35 to 37½ cents an hour rate that now prevails to a flat rate of 40 cents an hour. The thing about this that will probably strike the average householder first is the trivial nature of the increase asked. Why are the working plumbing so moderate and what difference does it make to the employing plumbers anyway? The employing plumber now pays his workman with a helper 35 to 37½ cents an hour and charges the householder whose pipes are frozen or whose tap leaks 60 cents. What is to prevent him raising his employee's wages to 50, 60, 75 cents an hour in order to make him feel pleasant, and raising his own charges to \$1 an hour? Why is he so modest? If a housekeeper's taps leak or his pipes freeze up he has got to have them fixed if it costs a dollar a minute and he has to have a plumber to do it. He couldn't hire a blacksmith or a coal heaver to do it, though they may be just as capable of tracking mud through the house, perfuming his premises with their tobacco pipes, and making the regulation amount of muss as a plumber, because the union rules wouldn't allow it. There is only one explanation and that is that the much maligned plumber is not the daylight robber the paragraphe makes him out to be, but a philanthropist, for that is the only kind of an individual in these days of "charging all that the traffic will bear" who doesn't do it.

CITY HEALTH OFFICER SHEARD doesn't think that the overcrowding of Toronto street cars is any of his business. He doesn't think it unhealthy, even. "I do not think it makes one particle of difference," he says. "It does not in any way spread contagion, nor is the general health of the city deteriorated on that account." Dr. Sheard's real source of anxiety at present is the late hours kept by young people who have to work in factories and large retail stores. "The sallow, putty-like complexions of our young girls tell the result of keeping late hours," says Dr. Sheard. The possibility of long hours and hard work in crowded, stuffy and badly ventilated factories being a reason for such complexions does not seem to have occurred to the doctor. Factories and street cars are all right. The reason for anaemic women is to be found in pleasant evenings spent in snow-shoeing, skating, card-playing, reading, chatting and other diversions. Why should people who have to work for a living, and to travel in street cars, not go to bed as soon as they have their supper, instead of imitating their more favored fellow-citizens by sitting up half the night? What do they want but health and work? How hard they are to control! How willing many are to undertake control of them! That anyone who rides in a Toronto street car between six and seven p.m. should retire before ten can, however, be argued with good reason. His health demands it. Inhalation almost pure carbonic acid gas for half an hour every evening makes it absolutely necessary that he should have at least eight or nine hours of uncon-



BEEN THERE HIMSELF.
Shade of Sir John A.—"Building a trans-continental railroad is no joke, Sir Wilfrid."

Arthur," "The Japanese Sacred Mountain of Fujiyama," or "One of the Russian Mines in Port Arthur Harbor." Detach the handle from a flat-iron and any unit of the rival fleets may be reproduced at pleasure. In reality, the only essentials of Oriental war pictures are lots of skyline and a very coarse engraving screen; the warped roofs and hen-coops assist by lending local color; something slightly suggesting the subject of the picture should, if the artist be fastidious, be in the foreground; but just a skyline and the coarse creen will find a ready market, as a glance at any up-to-date newspaper will convince you. Why, when such a market exists, do not Canadians waken up and supply the demand for at least the local press? Yankee news agencies, representing Yankee photographers, are reaping a rich harvest right under the noses of local men quite as competent to supply the demand. Talk of protection? What is the use of protection if Canadians show no desire to supply the wants of their own country, but must needs buy their goods from foreigners or go without? Unquestionably, the Canadian is slow.

IN these days of municipal mendicancy, when it is considered quite the proper thing for any city to go about with the hat suppling the Yankee plutocrat to drop therein a library or an opera house for the production of weird things like Wagner, it is comforting to observe the action of the city of Baltimore, which has recently suffered from a conflagration severe enough to dismay any community. But with commendable pluck, the biggest town in Maryland has set its architects to work, and with still more commendable independence has decided not only to refrain from soliciting, but actually to persist in refusing aid from outside. This action is so unusual that it is exciting comment from the press of every state in the Union, and is well worth the notice and imitation of every city in Canada, for we also have been sinners in the matter of taking up a collection whenever we felt the need of a little reading matter or whenever our lumber yards went up in smoke. It is just as well that the independence of Baltimore should be widely advertised, for such a spirit may prove contagious, although it is sufficiently humiliating to consider the circumstances from which arise the surprise and congratulation. We are so accustomed to the begging system that when a municipality shows a self-reliance that would be more manliness and respectability in the individual, the admiration of a whole continent is excited thereby. It has been stated that the fire with which Baltimore celebrated the New Year may have been an actual benefit, as rebuilding was sadly needed in the business part of the city; but the disaster will prove a blessing, indeed, if other cities suffering from similar misfortune will be moved to say, "this is our affair, and we can pay our own bills, thank you."

WHILE the war between the forces of the Czar and the Mikado has so far remained an Eastern affair, there is little question that its interest for the British Empire and the United States lies mainly in the fear or expectation that, at any moment, European and American interests may become directly involved. China has shown un-

that pre-election estimates of the electorate's majority are scarcely more trustworthy than pre-election promises. It has taken some time for this expert evidence to make its appearance, but everyone will admit that it is worth the time spent in the hatching. Mr. Howland's idea-bearing letter concludes by modestly suggesting that post-cards be sent to at least twenty of the persons whose names appear on each poll-book used in the 1903 elections, asking them if they voted in person or by proxy. What if the suggestion be carried out and it be found that fifty per cent. of the votes cast for Mr. Urquhart were illegal? The situation would be rather awkward. Would the Mayor be forced to resign, would Mr. Howland be declared elected for 1903, would the calendar be shoved back a year and a fresh start be made, or would Mr. Urquhart only be open to an action for damages for injuring another gentleman's reputation by demonstrating that he makes a "better mayor than his wrongfully defeated predecessor"? Public sympathy will readily go out to Mr. Howland. The picture of his driving around the city, visiting the various polling-booths, after six o'clock on a winter night, unescorted, having to brush his way through crowds of rough men who didn't look like electors at all, is heart-rending. Even the boldest might shrink from such an ordeal. And then think of the deceitful friends who predicted his election! How could they have the heart to do it? Even in newspaper offices he was told that he was the best ever and that the people simply couldn't resist him. It was too bad of the "Mail" to take such advantage of credulity.

A DESPATCH from Paris announces that M. Hanotaux, former Minister of Foreign Affairs for France, has started an agitation in favor of intervention by the powers to stop the war between Russia and Japan. This news is very likely on a par with the report from London to the effect that the Russian Ambassador to Great Britain had been sent to St. Petersburg with an offer from King Edward to give his good offices as mediator between the contending powers. Such an offer would be the height of folly. At a time when hostilities have just broken out and enormous Russia is being unmercifully hammered by her nimble little antagonist, an offer to mediate would be about as humiliating a proposition as a satirical emoji could put forward. With recent events at Port Arthur and Chemulpo in mind, one can readily imagine how anxious Russia is for peace. A good hard blow on the nose, while your strength is not seriously impaired, puts you into such a reasonable mood! How your soul is filled with the spirit of peace at such a time! You are just in the humor for dropping the whole argument and letting bygones be bygones. M. Hanotaux is either a practical joke degenerate or he wants to get even with someone. Very likely his worst enemy is in the present French Government, and as a duel would give but little satisfaction, he seizes this opportunity to trap the rival statesmen into self-destruction. Japan should decorate M. Hanotaux with the order of the paper chrysanthemum, for if the Franco-Russian alliance withdraws a French offer to mediate, it will at least get such a jolt that it will be unfit to leave drydock during the present war.



Mrs. Thompson (nee Grantham) of Vancouver left for her home on Tuesday after a visit of two months to her people here. Mr. Thompson absolutely refused to exist any longer en garcon and his lovely wife and clever little daughter have dutifully returned to the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulock and their little son returned from Mexico on Tuesday, quite delighted with their trip and full of praise of the kind and hospitable Mexicans and others who so charmingly entertained them. Sir William Mulock went direct to the Capital.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Arthur Percy Taylor of Florsheim and Miss Lillian Kent, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Kent of St. George street. Their marriage will take place on April 20th. Mr. Taylor is a popular officer in the 48th Highland Regiment.

I have heard a whisper of something very chic and enter-taining which is on for Mi-careme here, but do not know whether the fact of that date (March 12) falling on Saturday will interfere.

Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh gave a most pleasant hour on Wednesday afternoon to a number of his friends, who assembled for tea at his home. I heard that this tea originated in the announcement of some of his guests for dinner last week that they intended to make a "visite de digestion" to the Master at Chudleigh on the next "day" of the neighborhood, and warning him to be at home to receive. Several other smart people were bidden to tea on that day and, as usual, the affair was charming.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Septimus Denison was again the guest of honor at a tea. Mrs. Denison of Rusholme having asked a number of friends to meet her sister-in-law and her young daughter, Miss Maude Denison. Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine and the Misses Jessie and Dora Denison looked after the tea and a very pleasant hour was spent in this old historic home by a congenial coterie. Mrs. Septimus Denison wore a pretty delicate tinted grey gown and hat to match, and Miss Maude wore a pale blue dress, and was with her mother again bidden a hearty welcome to Toronto, which was Mrs. Denison's home in her earliest matronhood. A few of the guests were Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. J. Grayson Smith, the Misses Dupont, Miss Ball, Mrs. Grafton (nee Douglas), Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. George Denison, Jr., Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. T. Delamere.

The friends and admirers of that winsome and pretty girl, Miss Edith Pepler, whose visit to Toronto a couple of seasons ago brightened many a smart circle, when she was the guest of her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler in Spadina road, will be glad to hear recent tidings of her welfare. Miss Pepler is now Mrs. Heron-Alien, her marriage having taken place in England in November, and she tells me that life has only bright days, indeed it should have for such an unusually lovable and fascinating woman. Mr. and Mrs. Heron-Alien are residing in London.

Mr. George Bruenech has been since Christmas in Denmark and Germany. He has held very good exhibitions of his paintings at Stockholm, Gothenburg and elsewhere. At Stockholm Sir William Barrington, the British Ambassador, and the British Consul, were among those who purchased pictures.

Mrs. Stanley Clark is visiting Mrs. Theodore Brough. Mr. Gooderham of Waveneys is expected home shortly. Mrs. Osler of Craigleath returned from England last week bringing with her Miss Cochrane. Mr. Osler has taken a house in Ottawa for the session.

An editor, commenting upon the trousseau of one of the

says: "Mr. Hitchcock's conception of the Consul is droll enough to rank as a creation. To hear him speak that song, 'Ain't it funny what a difference just a few hours make?' is a delight. From first to last the performance was notable for a refinement and daintiness that I had long since ceased to hope for in a native musical production." That is what makes a good many of us wonder when Abijah Booze is coming again to light our hearts.

Miss Janie Wallbridge of Madison avenue is giving two eucube parties on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, March 10th and 11th.

Miss Linda Adamson will be assisted at her recital on Tuesday evening by Herr Reckzeh, whom I hear very highly spoken of both artistically and socially.

Miss Madge McGill of Peterboro' is visiting friends in Ottawa. Miss Elsie Keefer has gone to visit her relatives in Ottawa, where she will remain some time.

On Wednesday Sir Charles Tupper spent a couple of hours in a pleasant visit to his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Leavitt of 521 Bloor street west.

Mrs. Gooderham of Maplecroft and her daughter, Mrs. Cecil Lee, are spending some time at the Welland. Mrs. McGivern of Hamilton is also enjoying a sojourn in that pleasant and restful hotbed.

A very long and serious illness has been the lot of Mr. Gerhard Heintzman for the past six weeks, and his devoted wife and nurse has been taxed greatly in caring for him. Tannenheim will not open hospitable doors for some time, and as soon as Mr. Heintzman is strong enough he and his wife will go away for a change of air.

One of the jolliest of the many jolly dinners given at the Golf Club this season was that of last Tuesday week, when Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright invited a huge party to meet their niece, Miss Chrislie, who is out from England on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Hal Osler. Miss Muriel Millincamp, a clever and sparkling beauty, a debutante, and Miss Ruby Ramsay of Montreal with her sister, Mrs. Gordon Osler and Mr. Osler were among the guests at the pleasant dinner at which some forty friends assembled.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, who recently came down from Winnipeg, are going south for a trip, Mr. Leonard feeling the need of a good rest and vacation.

Mrs. Herbert Street Cowan announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Amy Fellows Adams, to Mr. Allan G. McAvity of St. John.

Miss Burgess of Verdun, Que., is in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. B. Creighton, Charles street. Miss Burgess is accompanied by Miss Gertrude Bryce of Dorchester street, Montreal.

Mrs. Timmerman gave a charming little luncheon on Thursday, at which the guests were Mrs. Vassay, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Herbert Cowan, Mrs. S. H. Janes and Mrs. A. G. Denison.

The Japanese fete to be held in McConkey's on March 24th, afternoon and evening, will be a perfectly lovely affair, for which I advise all to keep a free hour. The following items will compose the programme for the concerts: Overture, "San Toy and Mikado," Yamashiro Orchestra in costume; duet, "Dear Little Jappy," "Geisha," Miss Nordheimer and Mr. Pigott, in costume; song, "A Wandering Minstrel I," "Mikado," Mr. Dick Cowan, in costume; recitation, Miss Crerer; song, Mr. Pigott and Miss Bath, in costume, "A Painted Fan"; duet, "Were You Not to Koko Plighted?" "Mikado," Miss Cowan and Mr. Cowan, in costume; trio, "Three Little Maids from School," from "Mikado"; song, "The Jewel of Asia," from "Geisha," in costume, Mrs. Henry Osborne; songs, Miss Mildred Stewart, Mrs. Garratt, Mrs. Macklean, Mr. Jellett and others; Chinese Bluebeard, Mr. Hargrave, and his six wives.

A repeated announcement of the coming marriage on May 7th of one of our prettiest girls is quite without authority, and has no doubt caused annoyance. The date of the marriage is, I understand, some time in June, and it will be quite a quiet event.

Mr. Lincoln Hunter and Miss Edith Smith are also to be married early in the month of roses.

The Minister of Inland Revenue, Hon. Louis Philippe Brodeur, was in town this week and addressed the Empire Club on Thursday. Many Torontonians who have met and liked Mr. Hector Garneau in Ottawa will be pleased to hear of his appointment as secretary to Mr. Brodeur.

Mrs. Alice Stewart gave a pleasant tea on Monday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Temple (nee Drynan), who came out from England to see her father on news of his serious illness. Mrs. Temple, I understand, returns home soon.

The West End Euchre Club met at Mr. John King's in Wellington place on Thursday, when Miss King was hostess, and the Leap Year Euchre Club was entertained last night by Miss Hedley in St. Joseph street. The various "bridge" clubs, of which there are now some half dozen, are taking up most of the Lenten leisure of the matrons and some of the older unmarried set. Men's classes are formed and mesdames allow them to meet for practice in their various drawing-rooms if hubby has become possessed with the bridge craze.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton has been laid up with an attack of rheumatism since last Sunday, and has been missed from such gaities as the chasteening season permits.

The stork called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Darling on Thursday morning and left a baby girl in charge of Grandmama White, who arrived from New York just in time to receive it, having been experiencing a modern "pent up Utica" on account of the blizzard en route. I am told that the stork made a very amiable selection for Mr. and Mrs. Darling, whose friends will send them many congratulations and good wishes for their first little child.

Among the curious developments of the bridge craze is one which exhibits the great aptitude for a devotion to the game by women who never could take any interest in what "according to Hoyle." One handsome young matron is quite a bridge expert, but never could endure whist.

I venture to say that if one could catch unawares the thoughtless verdict of the average citizen upon the law-makers now in session in the Parliament Buildings, it would probably coincide with the average esteem in which modernity holds the aggregation called a jury. The country members and the knowing city representatives are lightly spoken of as hayseeds and schemers, by persons who are simply unaware of things as they are. The other day a clever young man happened to be present during some interesting business before the Legislature, and he tells me that he was filled with admiration for the acumen, business ability and common sense which was plentifully shown by the speakers. "They are splendid," he said heartily, naming four men who had taken part in an important discussion.

A "beauty" luncheon of the past week was given by Mrs. Gordon Osler for her sister, Miss Ruby Ramsay. Mrs. Magann, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Mrs. MacCulloch, Miss Estelle Holland and Miss Christie were some of the guests.

On Monday Mrs. Bruce Macdonald gave a very delightful luncheon of twelve covers to Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn,

the manager of the Bank of Montreal. Miss Fisher of Victoria, B.C., has been formally announced.

The sudden death of Mr. E. T. Carter of Homewood avenue at Nassau on Wednesday was a great shock to his relatives and friends in Toronto, and very great sympathy is for the family of the deceased gentleman and his sorrowing wife, who accompanied him south some time ago. Mr. Carter, I hear, complained of a very severe pain in his head and died quite suddenly.

Some three hundred guests responded to the invitation of the Principal of the Presbyterian Ladies' College to be present at the fifteenth annual At Home, which took place on Friday evening of last week. It is said to have been a record-breaker for success, animation and interest, and no pains were spared by the Lady Principal, Mrs. MacIntyre, and her staff to make the evening altogether enjoyable. Mrs. MacIntyre received in the west drawing-room in a handsome evening gown of black embroidered lace over white satin, a touch of geranium satin, and a bouquet of violets adding to its chivalry with some fine pearl and diamond ornaments. Miss Paterson, Miss Harrison, Miss MacDougall, Miss Phelps, Miss Lyons and Miss Summers, the ladies of the teaching staff, assisted Mrs. MacIntyre in receiving. An orchestra filled the rooms with music and two fine classrooms were devoted to the young folks, who danced merrily, while in the spacious drawing-room an excellent concert programme was given by Miss Jewel Benson, Miss Annie Kent, Miss Annette Wardell, Miss Mabelle Chapman, Miss Jessie Flock, Miss Bessie Pearson, Miss Annie Peterborough, Miss Hall, Miss Elizabeth Wood and Mr. Rechab Tandy. Miss Wardell was particularly good in her recitation, but each of the students did herself and her teacher credit by her excellent rendering of the vocal or instrumental number assigned to her. The college rooms were brightly decorated, but their greatest ornament was the happy, healthy, and clever looking boy of over one hundred students in their pretty white frocks, all charming girls. Supper was served about eleven in the refectory, where the tables were sunny with jonquils, lights and gold-tinted ribbons, and plentifully spread with dainties. It was altogether a notably successful evening, over far too soon to please the guests, old or young, and I hope soon to be repeated. Some of the invited guests were the Misses Mortimer Clark, Principal and Mrs. Caven, Hon. George W. Ross and Miss Ross, Hon. R. Harcourt and Mrs. Harcourt, Hon. J. Stratton and Mrs. Stratton, Hon. W. A. and Mrs. Charlton, Lady Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mr. and Mrs. T. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kemp, the Misses Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Dr. and Mrs. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Vogt, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. Dignam, Dr. and Mrs. Sheraton, Dr. and Mrs. Warden, Mrs. and Miss Reynolds, Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, Senator and the Misses Gibson, Prof. and Mrs. McCurdy, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Dr. and Mrs. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jaffray, Dr. and Mrs. C. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. W. Houston, Major and Mrs. Manley, Mrs. W. Christie and Miss McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Dr. and Mrs. Fotheringham, Mr. and Mrs. John Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox, Mr. and Mrs. H. O'Hara, Dr. John McClelland, Rev. A. and Mrs. McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. N. Ford, Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram, Mr. E. N. Gunausius, Rev. A. and Mrs. Gander, Mrs. Beemer, Mr. G. W. Grote, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Paterson and Miss Paterson, Rev. R. and Mrs. Gregory, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Forster, Dr. McKenzie, Mr. R. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rutter, Mr. and Mrs. James Bicknell, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Flavelle, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fudger, Dr. and Mrs. Miss Britton, Dr. and Mrs. Jerrold Ball, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Clute, and representatives from the different universities and colleges.

Hon. L. O. David was prevented by indisposition from lecturing here last Saturday. Professor Coleman gave instead a fine lecture on "The Conquest of Wild Canada" with stereopticon views, which was greatly appreciated.

A charming little affair of last week was the tea given by Mrs. Willmott of Rosedale for Mrs. and Miss Ethel Foster, much appreciated newcomers who are in the G. B. Smith's house for the season. Miss Ethel Foster and her brother are decided acquisitions to the young set. Toronto is, I believe, their native place, but since Miss Foster became a widow she has lived entirely abroad with her son and daughter.

Miss Abbie May Helmer is certainly a drawing card, her second recital being patronized by a large, cultured and critical audience on the 25th, and her playing being of great interest and worth. Mrs. Hewes Oliphant sang very well, and both ladies received tributes of flowers, fresh and sweet. Miss Helmer's third recital takes place on April 28th in St. George's Hall.

A couple of very enjoyable euchres were given by Mrs. W. de L. Wilson on two evenings last week. At the first one the prizes were won by Mr. Frank Morrison and Mr. Douglas Young. Mrs. Wilson was very gracious and handsome in white lace over blue silk, and the girls (for it was a young folks' party) numbered some beauties, several of the debutantes among them, and some much-appreciated transient visitors in town.

On the same evening Mrs. Herbert Cowan of Parkdale gave a very pleasant progressive of six tables.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod returned from a trip south last week, and Mrs. McLeod was at the Strolling Players on Tuesday, looking very well indeed.

The Paardeberg dinner at Rideau Hall, which His Excellency has made such an interesting "hardy annual," came off last Saturday. Colonel Otter, Colonel Lessard, Colonel Septimus Denison, and Major Carpenter went down to Ottawa for it.

After Professor Coleman's lecture on Saturday, Mrs. Ramsey Wright gave a tea in her apartments to which many of her friends came on from the lecture and others dropped in to enjoy her always pleasant hospitality. Mrs. Ramsey Wright has the pleasure of chaperoning the prettiest girl in Toronto to all sorts of pleasant places just now. I saw them at the Strolling Players on Tuesday.

What appears to be the last meet of the Driving Club for this season took place on Saturday and was the first really big turnout of the year. The line of smart equipages, a unicorn driven by Colonel Stimson, tandems driven by several good whips, and ten or more pairs, were enough to form a goodly cortège which swept gaily up from the guns. Tea at Colonel Davidson's hospitable home, where, needless to state, everything was capitally arranged to welcome the smart company, was the finale of the drive.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty and Mr. James Worts have gone to Europe.

During her short visit in Toronto as the guest of Mrs. Osborne of Woodburn, Miss Dora Labatt was entertained very nicely by many friends. Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Timmerman were her hostesses at charming small luncheons on two days last week.

Miss Leverich gave a luncheon for Miss White of Quebec, who was one of the happiest events of last week. Her guests were Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Phillips, Miss Phemic Smith, Miss Evelyn Cox, Miss Paterson, Miss Alice Stewart, Miss Aileen Gooderham, Miss Mar, Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft.

The captain and members of the Mic-Mac Hockey Club were dined very pleasantly on Friday evening last by the keeper of the club, Mr. Wilson S. Howard, Jr., at his father's residence, 137 Madison avenue.

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Society

They are saying in New York that the lately-arrived Mrs. Morgan (relatives to the celebrity of that name) creates a sensation by going about in the most ravishing kimono, as she is a native Japanese. They are saying in Toronto that the Jap costumers of the Yum-Yums at the Strolling Players' tea-room are leading to a rage for the comfortable kimono, and that some modish women are going to receive in the coming garment as soon as they can find an unceasing supply of sufficient beauty and brilliancy to compare with their five o'clock tea-table. I can fancy some of our hostesses in kimono. Oh, what darlings of the gods they would be!

Lady Howland and Miss Bessie Bethune, who have been at the hotel, are Catharine for the weeks to come, to Pinehurst, North Carolina, for the spring. Miss Bethune has not been a bit well this winter, and looks very delicate, though even prettier than ever. I sincerely trust I shall soon be able to mention that the trip south has resulted in great gain to her.

Sir Charles Tupper arrived in town about ten on Tuesday evening.

The lady managers of the Woman's Club have secured quarters in the large building at 9 Toronto street, where alterations and decoration were under consideration on Tuesday at an interesting meeting. Plans are beginning to present a tangibility, and prospects are, I am informed, bright for the progress of the club, which will be a mecca meantime the other jolly little club, which began so mildly, is educating people who never see King street after two o'clock to come down town in the afternoon, incidentally paving the way to a habit which will be of great value to the new club.

A very startling "petit histoire" moved us to utter a needed word of warning to some confiding persons who imagine their telephone wire is private property. On two occasions lately a certain unwary lady and not-to-be-too-strongly-condemned male idiot have been overheard in unmistakably compromising dialogue over the phone. The lady had the instinct to hesitate, but the man was so airily assured that she might say anything she liked, as if Central cut in he could at once tell. She said a good many things she liked, and so did he! That they were overheard will, I fear, speedily be proven, but there are others who may profit by this statement of the danger one confronts in either speaking of other person's private affairs or gently toying with one's own dearest intrigues by means of the fatal hello-box.

Miss Dora Labatt of London, who spent a charming visit with Mrs. Osborne at Woodburn, has returned to London. She had the weird experience of being snowed up all night in a day coach en route, not the most soothng and comfortable sort of travel-hap.

I hear that a coterie of men, for whose idle moments Satan evidently laid a trap, were moved to compare the charms of various visitors who have during the past season added luster and interest to our social doings. From this apparently innocent subject for discussion succeeded in evolving two extremely big eye, lawyer-like glass disasters and a lawyer's letter from an irate father. The last development is an abject apology and strained relations between two erstwhile chums.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hulme have succeeded in finding a very pleasant home and time to remain for some months in Toronto. They are settled at No. 1 Spadina road, where, I presume, Mrs. Hulme will receive on the neighborhood day, Friday.

Mrs. Vander Smissen spent the week-end at the Welland, St. Catharines, with her father, Mr. Herbert Mason.

Mrs. Grass of Maitland street gave a little informal tea one afternoon late for her guest, Mrs. Jaques of Trenton.

Mr. Grossmith was accorded a very happy reception on his last visit to Toronto as an entertainer. During his stay he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Warrington and one or two others at a very delightful little dinner, when his qualities as host were proved to be perfect. On Tuesday afternoon he was the guest of honor at a little musicalale given by Mrs. Warrington.

Mr. Donald Sutherland of John street gave a progressive euchre and leap year dance on Tuesday evening. The first prizes were won by Miss Sutherland of Carlton street and Mr. Size. After supper had been served dancing commenced and was very much enjoyed by all present, especially the ladies, who had the privilege of asking the men to dance. Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Baden, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, Miss Size, Miss Anderson of Woodstock, Miss Lillian Gillespie, Miss Baden, Miss McLaughlin, Mrs. Wetherill, Mr. Lauder, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Howell, Mr. Beningall, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Davidson, Mr. McPherson and Mr. MacKay.

Many Toronto people will be pleased to learn of the continued success of one of our Canadian girls, Miss Mabel Beatrice Beddoe, whose musical career has been watched with much interest. Miss Beddoe is studying in Chicago at present, and has accepted the position of contralto in the quartette of the wealthiest and most fashionable church in Evanston, Ill. Miss Beddoe gave a musical last week, assisted by several well-known Chicago artists.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Orr, the Misses Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Miss A. E. Mason, Mr. R. H. Matson, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Miss Helen Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Dissette, Mrs. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Gaviller of Hamilton, Mr. C. E. Wetlauper, Mr. E. O. McNair and daughter of Buffalo, Miss Rosalie of Syracuse, Mr. J. J. Lund of Peterborough, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Hansard of Ottawa are among those recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. J. Edmund McLeod was the hostess of a delightful progressive euchre on Wednesday, February 17. The winners of the prizes were Mrs. Finch, Mrs. Lugdin, Miss Sims and Mrs. White. Others who enjoyed the jolly game were Mrs. Kleiser, Mrs. Millar, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Stever, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Higgins, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Bousted, Mrs. Reid, Mr. Walker, Miss Dak, Miss Lidia, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Case, Mrs. Radly, Mrs. Laishly, Mrs. Prowse, Mrs. Rea, Mrs.

Dowie, Mrs. Hazzard, Mrs. Gifford, Mrs. Speers.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has arranged to accompany the "Grosser-Kurfurst" cruise to the Mediterranean this month. The objective point of the cruise is the International Sunday School Convention at Jerusalem in April. He will visit Athens, Constantinople, Egypt and Italy, returning the end of May.

Mrs. Stratton will receive at the Speaker's chambers on next Tuesday afternoon, from four to half-past six o'clock.

The expected presence of Sir Charles Tupper at the rendezvous of the Strolling Players' Club on Tuesday afternoon brought out a large number of members, and there was great regret expressed that the veteran statesman was snowbound at Peterboro'. However, there was scarcely the faintest prospect of his being able to get through to Toronto, and it seemed the Strolling Players and their friends only need an excuse to gather together in their pretty rooms, which are always full of jolly visitors at tea-time. Should the wise and tactful manager see fit to continue the very successful modus operandi which has brought their club to the center of the stage, it will take its place in the list of the most popular Toronto society. The clever little women who are its sponsors have originality and resource enough, and are wise in their generation in the catering for the entertainment of the members. To get the best and keep it seems to be their motto, and the various amateurs and professionals who have played and sung to us will have been well entertained.

Mrs. Heydon Villa, with whom Mrs. Septimus Denison is staying at present, gave a tea for her guest on Tuesday, an informal and very pleasant welcome to Toronto from some of the many friends of Mrs. Septimus. A few of those who extended the glad hand were Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Gzwolski, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Delamere, Miss Denison, Mrs. Osborne of Woodstock, Mrs. Deacon of Rosedale, Mrs. Chaddow of Lammar, Mrs. Grayson Smith, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. Cattanach, Lady Thompson, Mrs. E. F. Johnston, Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Willison, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. Hammontree, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Robert Smith of Stamford, Mrs. Zimmerman, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Vernon Payne, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. George Evans, Miss Thorburn and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Natrass and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine pored tea.

Another welcome guest at the Strolling Players was Mr. S. Henderson, son of Mrs. Henderson of 74 St. George street and brother of Miss Lola Henderson, who came with his people and is at the King Edward for a short visit.

Captain Charles Kingsmill, R.N., was expected in town on Wednesday or Thursday. Miss Maude Kingsmill, who has been in New York, was one of the snowed-up travelers at Utica in mid-week.

I hear that a coterie of men, for whose idle moments Satan evidently laid a trap, were moved to compare the charms of various visitors who have during the past season added luster and interest to our social doings. From this apparently innocent subject for discussion succeeded in evolving two extremely big eye, lawyer-like glass disasters and a lawyer's letter from an irate father. The last development is an abject apology and strained relations between two erstwhile chums.

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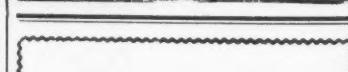
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Synopsis of Chapters I to V. Bramwell, after knocking about for many years, arrives in San Francisco, and seeking a position from his shipmates about finding work. He is at the office of a shipping firm, is appointed mate of the schooner "Britomart," and the following day sails for Apia. A week later, on the verandah of an hotel, a man approaches and enters into conversation with him. It appears he is owner of the schooner "Kittowake," which has mysteriously sprung a leak off Apia. He invites Bramwell to go with him and look over his vessel. Learning that he is thinking of leaving the "Britomart," the owner calls down the "Kittowake's" owner is called, persuades him to take command of his ship. Farringdon turns out to be an opium smuggler and pearl purveyor. After the two years, Bramwell decides to visit England. Leaving the ship at Honolulu, he starts for London on board the "Hulket." On the voyage, the condemned vessel is sighted, and Bramwell has a horrible dream which he cannot banish from his thoughts. Nearing the wreck, the captain suggests that it be searched for survivors. Bramwell's permission to accompany the mate on his errand. After taking a good look at the ship from the boat, the men go aboard, and are met by a ghastly sight—men maimed to the neck and through their throat and hands. The captain of their vessel is sent for, and on his arrival the search is continued, with the result that a woman is discovered locked up in one of the cabins, but in too dazed a condition to give any information. Bramwell having decided to take charge of the vessel to Plymouth, the captain arranges his crew and others to accompany the girl on the "Hulket," but she refuses to leave. At last they start on one of the strangest voyages man ever heard of. An effort to continue it is made, but the vessel is unavailing; it becomes an awkward matter to decide what shall become of the former on arriving in England. Bramwell's mate suggests a way out of the difficulty.

CHAPTER VI.

It may be readily imagined with what impatience I waited to be told Jackson's scheme. What it was I could not even conjecture. When all was said and done he was the last man from whom I expected to receive any sort of help.

"Well, what can you do for me?" I asked, somewhat impatiently. "I am afraid, you can see a way out of the difficulty. You can assure you that a clever man like I am—Let me hear what you have to say."

He scratched his head, and paused for a minute before he replied. He was evidently turning something over in his mind. Having summed him up by this time I did not interrupt him.

"Well, you see, it's this way," he began, rather bashfully. "My mother's a widow."

I did not quite see what this had to do with the case—but I let him go on his own way and tell the story according to his own fashion.

"As I say, mother's a widow," he went on. "She lives at Hampton Court—close to the Palace, and she's got nobody but my sister and a cross-grained old brute of a servant named Mrs. Miss Alexandra with open arms, and I'd stake my life she'd look after her like a mother. Of course she couldn't afford to keep her for nothing—but I guess we could make the firm contribute something towards it. Why shouldn't she go down to the master for only a time, and until you know what you're going to do with her?"

This certainly seemed to be a way out of my difficulty, and I jumped at it, as you may suppose. Nothing could have suited my purpose better.

"But are you quite sure that your mother would care to take her in?" I enquired.

"I'm perfectly sure of it," was his answer, and he added quickly, as if on an after-thought. "Of course, you could go down, and see her whenever you wanted to."

To this generous suggestion I do not pretend that I offered any reply. At last we reached Plymouth and brought up inside the Breakwater. When the cable ran through the hawse hole one of the most eventful voyages of my life was at an end. We made the harbor between seven and half past in the morning—the water like glass and scarcely enough wind to bring us to our anchorage. Before we was the historic Hoe, to the left Mount Edgecombe and to the right the fort-clad heights of Staddon.

Then all is said and done there are few places more beautiful than the Metropolis of the West, as it is called, by Americans. And a long sea voyage, with all its attendant troubles, is just the thing to make one appreciate its beauties.

As soon as I arrived I despatched a telegram to the "Hulkef's" owners, advising them of my arrival, and asking them for instructions. I can well imagine what a welcome that message must have been to them—for of course they knew nothing of me—not even my name—and as I could not give them the name of the ship, doubtless they deemed me a madman of the first degree. However, in due course, a reply reached me to the effect that a member of the firm was starting for Plymouth, and would be with them that night. During the afternoon I persuaded Miss Alexandra to come on deck. How pretty she looked I cannot tell you. The rest and quiet of the last week had worked wonders with her. The color had come back to her cheeks, and the light into her eyes. How much this pleased me! I leave you to guess—but why did not her memory return too? You can have no idea how不堪 this made me! Never could there have been a prettier woman. That she was grateful for such little services as I could do for her was apparent—and yet, try how I might, I could not lift the veil that hid the secret of the last few weeks.

We paced the poop together, and then I broached the subject of her future.

"Can you realize that this is old England?" I said to her, by way of introduction, for between ourselves I don't mind admitting that I was more than a little bit nervous. It isn't every day that a man is called upon to arrange the future of a beautiful girl, of whose antecedents he knows absolutely nothing, and yet with whom he is over head and ears in love. For I don't mind confessing that, by this time, I was madly in love with her.

The afternoon train brought the rector I have already spoken of. I dole below at the time of his arrival, Jackson received him at the gangplank. As soon as I heard my name was being bundled out of my bunk—I had in a hole, of course, all standing—and ran on deck.

"Mr. Bramwell," I believe, the trouser-well-dressed gentleman.

Wait. I am one of the directors of the "Hulkef" Line. We had a telegram from you this morning. Of course we're quite in the dark about the whole matter. But doubtless you can explain.

"I am afraid it is a matter that will require a good deal of explaining," I replied. "In the first place, it seems to me that I should tell you who I am."

A short pause ensued. While it lasted I took stock of his immaculate top hat and frock coat—patent leather boots and diamond scarfpin. Then I proceeded to let him know the circumstances of the case. I will tell him the justice of saying that he listened attentively to what I had to say, but before I was halfway through the narrative I had arrived at the conclusion that the firm would do nothing for me.

Of course, for salvaging the vessel they could not help themselves, but as for helping the poor girl, they could only make excuses, using as a plea that she was a woman, and such charity was not to be expected of them.

"I suppose in that case you expect me to provide for her," I said, feeling as if I could knock him down.

"That is a matter for your own consideration," he replied, with a smug smile that roused me almost to frenzy. "From what you have told me I gather that you are placing a heavy responsibility upon your own shoulders. Of course we should be only too glad to do anything we can, but you must see that we are placed in a very individual position. We know nothing of the lady—you admit that murder was committed on board—you accept command, and the first thing you do is to destroy all trace of the crime. Yet you expect us to make everything for granted,

and do just as you wish."

"But I give you my word."

He raised his hand as if in protest.

"You must forgive me, but my word is my word, and when I have said that I've said everything. If you're going to be hung, and by the Lord Harry, I'd willingly do it."

I suppose in all his life he'd never talked to like that. It certainly did not agree with him—but little I cared! I wasn't his servant, and had no desire to be.

"We'll have to fight this matter out," said he, as he went towards the gangway. "You've insulted me!"

"I replied. "Get off my boat, or I'll take my boot to you."

Before I could say any more he was down the gangway, and into the launch alongside.

"You'll hear from me about this," he shouted up to me. "I'll teach you that you can't insult people with impunity, my fine gentleman."

To this threat I offered no reply, but went to the other side of the deck, where Jackson was standing, grinning from ear to ear.

"I don't envy your employers, if that's a sample," I remarked. "I should have liked to manhandle him a bit. It would do him good."

"You're not the only one," he replied. "It's just that sort of man who makes a sea life the hell it is. Poor pay, short stays, and you can't get out and find another berth if you're not satisfied. It's a paying game from their point of view—but not from ours."

"Now what about Miss Alexandra?" I asked. "We must think about her."

"Why not do what I suggested, and let her go to my mother," he answered. "I'll tell you what I will do. I've got a few pounds saved, and if you like to do the same, I'll do the same."

His offer touched me more than I can say. He was a typical sailor full of generosity and kindness of heart—willing to surrender anything he'd got to help another in distress. I told him that there was no need for him to do anything of the kind, but that if he would ask his mother to take the poor girl, I would not only do it for a service to her, but also render myself under an everlasting obligation. That afternoon he telephoned to his mother, and later received an answer to the effect that she would be very glad to do anything she could to help.

Accordingly next morning, having, for the time being severed my connection with the ill-fated vessel, I left her in Jackson's charge, and went ashore, taking Miss Alexandra with me. From the manager of one of the principal hotels I obtained the address of a doctor who was a specialist in mind diseases. Engaging a cab I drove her there at once. I can see her now, sitting in that half-darkened room, looking as beautiful as any woman could be. I did my best to interest her, but without success. She did not seem to care for anything. It was one of the saddest things I have ever seen in my life.

Presently our turn came, and I asked for an interview with the doctor. Miss Alexandra left in charge of a nurse.

I can see now that grave, professional face with its kindly gray eyes looking out from beneath the shaggy brows.

"May I ask what you think is the matter with your wife?" he began, putting up his pince-nez as he spoke.

"The lady is not my wife," I replied, and in response to another enquiry I proceeded to give him a rough outline

Doctor's Coffee

And His Daughter Matched Him.

coffee drinking troubled the family of a physician of Grafton, W. Va., who describes the condition briefly.

"Having suffered quite badly from vertigo, palpitation of the heart, and many other derangements of the nervous system, and finding no relief from usual methods of treatment, I thought to see how much there was in the Postum argument against coffee.

"So I resorted to Postum, cutting off the coffee, and to my surprise and satisfaction I found entire relief from all my sufferings, proving conclusively the baneful effect of coffee and the way to rid of it.

"I have found Postum completely takes the place of coffee, both in flavor and in taste. It is becoming more popular every day with many of our people, and is having great demand here."

"My daughter, Mrs. Long, has been a sufferer from fits due to attacks of acute indigestion. By the dismissal of coffee and using Postum in its place she has obtained complete relief.

"I have also heard from many others who have used your Postum very favorable accounts of its good effects.

"I prescribe Postum in place of coffee in a great many cases, and I believe that upon its merits Postum will come into general use," says Dr. Clegg, of Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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- Book 1 on Dyspepsia
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- Book 3 on the Kidneys
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- Book 5 for Men (sealed)
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Simply Sign This and Know How to Get Well

That is all. Send no money. Simply sign above. Tell me the book you need. I will arrange with a druggist near you for six bottles of

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

Take it a month at my risk. If it succeeds the cost to you \$5.50. If it fails the druggist will bill the cost to me. And I leave the decision to you.

Don't Wait Until You Are Worse.

Taken in time, the suffering of this little one would have been prevented. Her mother writes me:

"Two years ago my little girl was sick continuously for six months. We tried many doctors, and they failed, yet it took only two bottles of your remedy to cure her, and she has remained cured. You can tell others of the cure, you do so yourself."

Mrs. C. H. Avery, Rockdale, N. Y.

Tis a pity she did not first write me, before the case was dangerous.

The wife of Omer Andrus of Bayou Chicot, La., had been sick for 20 years. For 8 years could do practically no work. He writes:

"I suppose in all his life he'd never talked to like that. It certainly did not agree with him—but little I cared! I wasn't his servant, and had no desire to be.

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On hearing this I rose to leave, feeling as if it would be better for him to see her alone. Try to imagine what an anxious time it was for me. It was as if all my life, all my happiness, depended on the issue of the next few minutes.

You cannot think how anxiously I watched the hands of the clock. Every minute seemed like an hour. At last the door opened, and she entered the room.

It was apparent at once that the interview had had no effect upon her. She showed no signs of emotion, nor did she appear to possess any definite knowledge of her surroundings.

"May I see you for a moment?" asked the doctor, when she had entered the room and had seated herself.

I had already seated him into his consulting room, and seated myself in the chair I had previously occupied.

"What do you think about the case?" asked the doctor, when she had entered the room and had seated herself.

"I asked not, I can assure you, without a considerable amount of anxiety."

"Will she ever recover?"

"I replied. "It is evident that she has received a great mental shock, but she is young, with care and attention, see no reason why she shouldn't regain her normal faculties. Quiet is, however, the essential thing. Excitement

of any kind must be avoided. If you will be guided by me, you will take her to some quiet inland place, and to use a slant expression, allow her to run wild for a time. After a shock such as she has undoubtedly received, you may be quite sure that mental rest is the only positive cure."

"I will follow your advice most faithfully," I replied, picking up my hat as I spoke.

"Keep her as cheerful as you can," he continued. "Avoid excitement as far as possible; induce her to take as much out-of-doors exercise as you can, and I feel sure you will see a vast improvement in a few weeks. She is naturally a quiet, retiring girl, and you should bring her to the garden, and let her have a lot of trouble, and I want to take it off your shoulders if I can."

"I am afraid I do not understand," she answered.

"You must not try to," was the reply. "Leave everything to me and you will find it will be all right in the end."

Having seen the doctor I returned to

the ship, taking Miss Alexandra with me. I cannot tell you how anxious I was to see the last of her—the ship, of course, I mean, not Miss Alexandra.

Two hours later we were in the train, flying across country en route for London, and had made my arrangements, and had left Jackson in charge, pending the decision of the representative they had informed me that they did not intend doing anything for Miss Alexandra, so I did not feel in any way bound to them.

It was nearly six o'clock before we reached London—a muggy, close afternoon, with a suspicion of thunder in the air. As the express did not stop at Surbiton, it was necessary for us to go on to Waterloo, and then to take the train on the other line back to Hampton Court.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



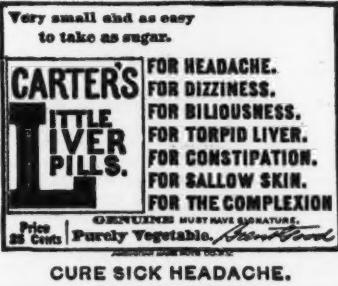
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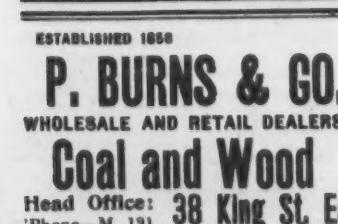
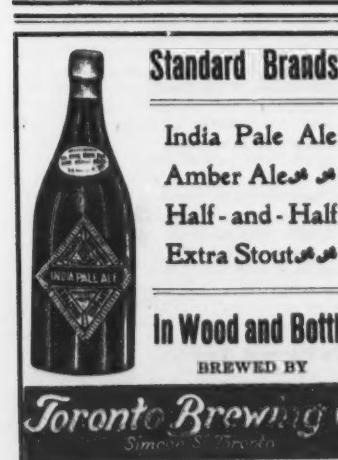


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dressing the girl. "And I hope you will be happy with us."

She enquired what sort of a journey we had all professed us to be, but we both declined. "We had scarcely done so before the door opened and a tall, buxom girl, boasting an absurd likeness to my late mate, entered the room.

"This is my daughter Janet," remarked the old lady, and she shook hands with both of us.

For moments' conversation the newcomer suggested that their guest might like to see her room, and they accordingly went out together, leaving me alone with the old lady, which was exactly what I wanted.

"Mrs. Jackson," I said, after a short pause, "I cannot thank you enough for your kindness in taking in this poor girl who has suffered as very few girls of her age have ever done."

"Indeed?" I asked, "anything of the matter?" she replied. "It is true my son wrote to me and asked me if I would be willing to take her in, but, though she said she had been through terrible trouble at sea, he did not tell me what that trouble was, for the reason that he thought it would come better from you."

"Nothing of any importance," was my reply. "The memory of that yesterday I wiped off her brain, just as one copies fluff off a coat.

We are even ignorant of her name, though we call her Alexandra. I thought Seymour might do for a surname until we can discover her own. It is a very brilliant flight of fancy, but it will serve the purpose as well as another."

"But if you say that every trace of her identity or that of the ship was destroyed, how is that identity to be discovered, and who will be responsible?"

"I shall," I replied. "I have set my heart upon bringing the inhuman wretches to book, and I shall not rest content until I have mastered every detail of one of the most atrocious crimes I, or any other man, ever heard of."

"You appear to feel very strongly on the subject," I said. "Well," she said, and then she did so, I struck me that she looked rather curiously at me through her gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Who could help doing so," was my reply. "My blood boils whenever I think of it."

"And I understand that the owners of the 'Hulket' who will probably make a considerable sum of money out of it will not contribute in any way to the poor girl's support."

"Not one halfpenny," I answered, remembering the scene I had had with the director that morning.

"Forgive an old woman's impertinence, but am I right in supposing that you, a perfect stranger, intend doing it yourself?"

I answered her in the affirmative.

"You are very generous."

"Not at all. I pity her from the bottom of my heart. Mrs. Jackson, do not let us misunderstand each other. I am doing it because I love her, and because I hope some day to make her wife. But not while her mind is clouded like this. She shall have fair play, and if, when she can think for herself, she will take me for her husband, I shall be amply repaid for any trouble I may have taken."

(To be continued.)

England's Bluebeard.

HENRY VIII has many claims on the recollection of the British people, but he will always be remembered as a large, fat man who had six wives. Marrying was not so much a hobby with Henry as a positive craze. There is an ancient anecdote to the effect that young men once came to Socrates for advice as to whether he should marry or remain single. Socrates is said to have replied: "Wait a year, and if you're still unmated, get married." Henry VIII was like that all the time. After he was married he found himself repenting the fact that he was still single; and after he had married the fair Catherine of Aragon he wanted to kick himself for having taken a girl like that when there were heaps of better ones to be had for the asking.

However, there he was, married to Catherine, and for a long time there was no help for it. It was not that Henry desired to marry anyone else at the moment. His great longing was to be a single man again. We believe that other men since Henry's time have had the same longing, though we are not able to give any statistics on the subject. Most men will be sensible enough to comfort themselves with the opinion that they might have done worse anyway, and that what can't be cured must be endured. Henry, however, was an intensely religious man, and you never know where people like that are going to break out next.

As time went on Henry picked out a little lady named Anne Boleyn and told himself that he was the single man he would marry. And to-to-to! Of course, he had been given so very plausible reasons to look up the history of his predecessors and have seen how they arranged these little matters. But, as it was marriage or nothing with him, he began to wonder how to

do it.

Henry's last wife was Katherine Parr, a lady who knew her way about fairly well. She was not divorced and she did not die during Henry's life.

The historians do not seem quite to know how it happened; but the theory is that she was the only one who had the good fortune to be the last wife of Henry VIII.

Henry's reign was remarkable for many things that have influenced our national life; but he spent so much time in getting married and unmarred that these events quite overshadow the other incidents of his reign.—"Pick-Me-Up."

It was evident to him that she had only one way open to her, and that was to marry him. He had acid dyspepsia, from eight years old, I know.

"It worked down from stomach to intestines, located on the umbilicus in enteritis, until, two years ago the agony every three days was something terrible. I have walked the floor for hours, unable to eat or digest if I should eat."

"Medicine would not relieve me at all. Four years ago I began the use of Grape-Nuts, and since the first dish I have never had an attack of the old trouble. I take four tablespoonsfuls once a day with my supper, which is composed entirely of whole wheat bread and the Grape-Nuts."

Of course men call upon other nights than Sunday, and girls joyfully present their visits. Men are not cognizant of any occult connection between the days of the week and their sentiments.

Most of my patients know how suddenly and promptly Grape-Nuts cured me, and I have prescribed the food, with good results in many cases."

Name given by Postum Company, Batavia, N.Y.

Grape-Nuts is regularly prescribed in place of medicine by many physicians for stomach or intestinal trouble, lack of nourishment, bad fog and nervous prostration. The result usually shows immediate improvement and a speedy, complete cure.

Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts in place of starch foods works wonders.

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get rid of the wife he had already got, as he found himself getting most frightfully in love with Anne. According to the historians, Anne was a fair, bushy girl, who knew how to tell the time at a glance, and was well accomplished in other ways. There seemed little doubt that she knew she had got a soft thing in Henry, and, finding that he was a marrying man, she played her cards accordingly. Things came to a head one day when the Queen strolled into the room just as Henry was telling Anne that he wished he was single for her sake, and though Henry afterwards insisted he had only been putting out a neglected cobweb on the ceiling, the Queen drew her own conclusion.

After that Henry lost patience and applied to the Pope for a divorce, so that he could marry Anne Boleyn. While he was waiting for the Pope's decision Henry and Anne were secretly married, and there were no cards, by request. "Remember," said the Pope, "you are only a simpleton."

"I understand she can remember nothing of what occurred," she said when I had finished.

"Nothing of any importance," was my reply. "The memory of that yesterday I wiped off her brain, just as one copies fluff off a coat.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 5, 1904. No. 17



DURING this week the fair attraction at the Princess Theater has been Miss Marie Cahill in the musical comedy, "Nancy Brown," which came to Toronto with the doubtful recommendation of having been immensely popular with the "four hundred" in little old New York. The musical comedy as a form of theatrical entertainment has lately been adversely criticized by no other comedian than Mr. George Grossmith himself, who seems to consider that it is usurping the place of legitimate comedy. But so long as the public is given such food for laughter as Toronto has been supplied with for the last fortnight, there will be no objections made as to the name given the dish. So long as we depart in the mood of "Sunny Jim," it matters not what label the package bears. The wildest blizzard that ever blizzed swept in graceful curves around the corners of Toronto the Balmby, and the boldest was obliged to hold his breath several times. But sweet Marie made one forget that the breezes were straying among the lonely pines and that February was saying the saddest of all words in the coldest of tones. In spite of all that the weather was doing, there was a good crowd at the Princess last Monday night, and there were also street cars after the play. Miss Marie Cahill is not slender, is not exactly pretty, but she is the most fetching mixture of blue eyes, golden hair and coaxing voice that has appeared to gladden the season. An adjective which is dear to the matinee girl—I refer to the mystic monosyllable, "cute"—is used by nearly every one in describing Miss Cahill, and it seems to suit the lady. She has a smile so irresistible that it must be Irish and her ways are ways of pleasantness. It is idle to discuss the plot, because no musical comedy has a plot worth speaking about, and the music—well, it is decidedly "cooey," although the "Drinking Song," "I could be happy with either one," and the "Congo Love Song" are decidedly taking, while "A Wise Old Owl" is worth dancing to. The Bey of Ballyhoo, otherwise Mr. H. W. Tredenick, is a jolly old Eastern potentate with whose manners we are all familiar. Noah Little, a New York "commercial gentleman," is played in sprightly fashion by Mr. Alf Grant. Of a quartette of foreign noblemen, Count Fromage de Brie, as played by Mr. George Beban, is a most amusing creature. The Englishman, however, is very poorly done—Mr. George J. Damerel ought to take lessons from the Earl of Pawtucket, while Mr. Harry Burgess, as the Grand Duke Drinkamutchky, is the poorest and stiffest Russian that ever took a drinkovitch. Vanderhyphen Jenks, the only son of a doting mother, is cleverly portrayed by Mr. Roy Atwell, who is a model of stupidity, even when in love with Miss Muriel. Mr. Julius Steger is a crown prince with a good voice that should have a better chance than is given in the song about the soldier and his charms. But Miss Marie Cahill is the best and brightest feature of the comedy, which is sparkling and refreshing, and—thanks for this unusual circumstance—not too long.

At the Grand Opera House, the old-time play, "My Aunt Bridget," was revived this week, with Mr. George Monroe as the hero, and attracted those who never weary of the good old days, and who can greet with perennial mirth the jokes of "auld lang syne." Mr. Monroe is the same "George," with a few extra pounds, who proved entertaining in the past. The plot is hardly in evidence, but the specialties prove a strong attraction, the dancing and singing turn by Joe and Nellie Doner being a popular feature. "The Japanese Vivandieres" was a reasonable and well-received number.

Blessings be upon the head of "A Country Girl!" It is the "maddest, merriest" musical play that ever came over from old London to make us forget influenza, coal bills, and the rent, to laugh consumingly for three hours over Barry and his friends. Since the merry days and nights of Flapper we have had no such delightful person as fleet-footed, auburn-haired Barry, who, by the way, is Mr. John Slavin. "A Country Girl" has been here twice during this theatrical season, and Toronto could easily stand it again before June, since it divides honors with "The Yankee Consul," and many of us would give it first place. The music is bright and tuneful, without being a series of reminiscences, as so many of the modern scores prove to be. Miss Dene is a bewitching modiste, Sophie, who wins her way into "high society" and shines therein; Miss Alice Malyn is the country girl, Marjorie, whose cooing love song you cannot get out of your head, while Devonshire Nan is coquettishly played by Miss Helen Marvin, who is as roguish a maid as ever romped in the "county of easy kisses, the pleasantest under the sun." The part of Princess Melancholy of Bhong is played in stately, imperial fashion by Miss Genevieve Finlay, whose voice is sweet and clear. Mr. Hallen Mostyn is an Anglo-Indian Rajah, whose song about the peaceful valley of Bhong, with Chamberlain-Aylesworth-Parkdale encores, makes a most decided hit. The chick song of Barry and Sophie is, however, the brightest bit of melody in the play, and drives dull care to the remotest corners of the earth. The crowds at the Princess Theater last week showed how thoroughly Toronto appreciates bright music and real fun, while he would be a churl indeed who could say aught but good words for "A Country Girl."

Those inimitable colored gentlemen, Messrs. Cole and Johnson, are at Shea's this week, and despite the wretched weather, commenced their visit with a splendid house. These artists render a choice programme. They seem to get more music out of ordinary things than any other performers who favor us with their presence at Shea's. The long chap (Mr. Bob Cole) sings a coon song as it should be sung. The selection by Mr. Johnson, "Paderewski's Minuet," was given with artistic vigor and fire, delicate touch and wonderful tone, while the accompaniments to the different vocal numbers seemed overflowing with richness and melody. The singing and dancing team, Pierce and Maeze, present a refined and beautifully costumed act. One of them that am must certainly have had money to burn—as the saying goes, four complete changes in ten minutes, and each a triumph of the modiste's art. Mr. Pierce probably has a good tenor voice and if he'd only sing a really good piece of work would be even more appreciated. Petite comedienne, somewhat affected,



Miss Marjorie Race in "Peggy from Paris."

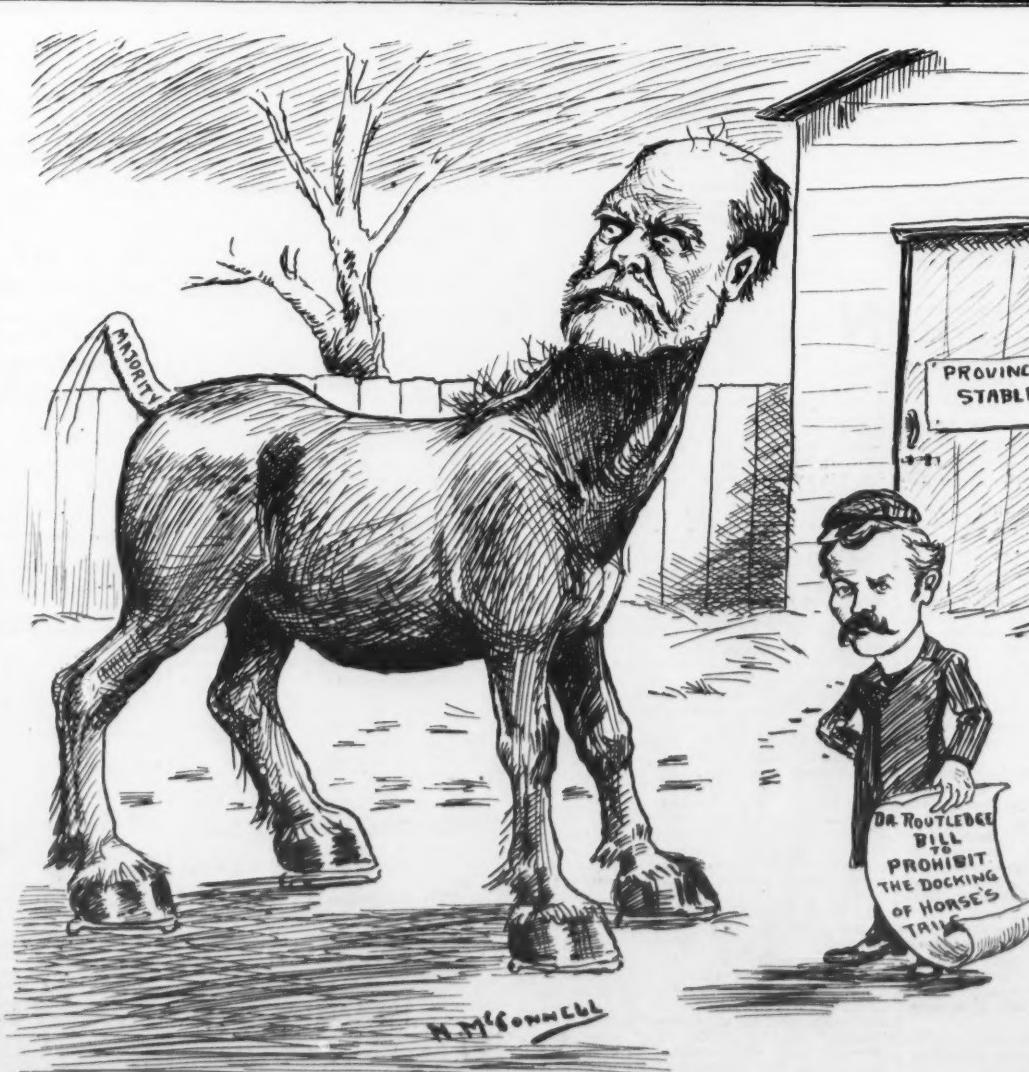
The selection of lines pertaining to "Rosa" was rendered with ability and sentiment worthy of something of a better order. Frovilo combines ventriloquism with many other interesting features, which together make the best act of its kind ever seen here. Lavender and Tomison's skit is a poor excuse. The repartee, if somewhat clever, is lost by "The Substitutes'" lack of energy. Wake up, old man, and put some ginger in your work. Your partner is worthy of better assistance! If George Wood were to be taken ill I am afraid he would have to do without medical assistance. He gives an original and remarkably clever monologue, but a daring one. George wants to get up before a houseful of '04 Meds. Then there'd be something doing. "The Vaudeville Exchange" by Watson Hutchings, Edwards & Co. isn't what it's cracked up to be. Harry Watson as Hans is good, and Miss Hutchings does some clever quick-change work. The thing is spoiled by the crazy finale. The show is concluded with Silvan (equilibrist) and the pictures, which are much better this week.

If accounts from other cities may be accepted as a guage, there will be an abundance of wit and merriment at the Princess Theater next week, for "Peggy from Paris" will be the attraction, and of this musical comedy praises have come from many quarters. "Peggy from Paris" is a creature from the pen of the widely known humorist, George Ade, whose clever originality has won a host of admirers. His writings have furnished keen enjoyment, and it has been asserted that in his latest musical comedy his humor pervades the lines and speeches and the situations as well. The music for the play was written by William Loraine, composer of "Salome" and "Zamona," hence there is reasonable assurance of pretty and graceful melodies. That Mr. Ade and Mr. Loraine have built a musical comedy that has caught popular fancy is attested by the hit it has made. It ran for four months in Chicago, for five months in Boston, and has recently ended a run of three months at Wallack's Theater, New York, where it was beyond question one of the successes of the season. "Peggy from Paris" comes to Toronto fresh from its New York engagement. The story is told in a prologue and two acts, and it is related that "Peggy from Paris" has more of a real story than is usual in musical plays. The company numbers such well-known players as Misses Claude Albright, Josie Sadler, Guelma Baker, Helen Hale, Alice Hageman, Olivette Haynes, Messrs. George Richards, Arthur Deagon, Paul Nicholson,

Jacques Kruger, Harold Crane, E. H. O'Connor, Dan Baker, Samuel Chadwick, Harry Benham, and many others. "Peggy from Paris" will be at the Princess all the week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The English Pony Ballet will be one of the leading features at Shea's next week. This is said to be the best dancing act vaudeville has produced. There are so many favorites on the bill that it would be hard to pick the special features. George C. Boniface and Bertha Waltzinger will be another feature of the show. They will offer a one-act comedy entitled "The Woman Who Hesitates is Won." The sketch in which they are now appearing was written by Louis Delang. Miss Waltzinger has one of the best voices on the stage to-day. Sager Midgley and Gertie Carlisle will appear in their original edition of the Sammie and Sara series, entitled "After School." Sager Midgley has probably the best country kid character of the time, and every word he utters is funny. The Four Holloways, who are without doubt the greatest wire performers in the world, will thrill everybody with their sensational feats on the tight wire. Musical Dale, who stands alone and unrivaled in his artistic musical offerings, will be another favorite on the bill. His delicate treatment of difficult instruments has made him extremely popular in Toronto and other vaudeville towns. Louise Dresser, whose beauty alone would command the attention of an audience, has the added charm of an extremely good voice and a clever way of presenting things to an audience. Jack Norworth, with a lot of new stories and songs, will make everybody laugh. Johnson, Davenport and Lorella complete an exceptionally big bill of favorites.

The T. M. A. benefit, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, will take place at the Princess Theater on Friday afternoon, March 11th, when will be presented one of the best entertainments of the season. The programme will embrace attractions from the different theaters, and many special features, including an orchestra of sixty pieces, which will open the entertainment by playing the first overture on the stage. Another feature will be the handsome souvenir to be given away at the box office. The sale of reserved seats will open Monday morning next at nine o'clock at the Princess Theater.



War Horse Ross—Ah, mon! Routledge, I wish your bill had carried.

Society at the Capital.

ALTHOUGH Lent to a certain extent shuts out the more lively type of entertainment, that is to say, balls and dances, yet, judging by the number of smaller functions given in Ottawa of late, its restrictions are not of a very obdurate character. On summing up the festivities of the past week, luncheons seem to have been in the majority, and on Tuesday Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber entertained at an exceedingly enjoyable party of this kind for Miss Corbould of New Westminster, when her guests were Mrs. Colborne Meredith, Miss Helen Thompson of Toronto, Miss Molly Cartwright, Miss Borden, Miss Honor Clayton, Miss Sparks, Miss Jessie Gilmour, Miss Blair, Miss Crombie and Miss Elsie Ritchie. Another very recherche luncheon in honor of the same guest was given by Mrs. Crombie on Thursday, when a merry party of young girls was invited to meet Miss Corbould. On Friday there were three luncheons, Mrs. John Gilmour being the hostess at one in honor of her sister, Miss Amy McLimont of Montreal, when twenty guests were present. Miss May Griffin also entertained ten young people at a cosy little luncheon on the same day, when her guest of honor was Miss Helen Thompson of Toronto, and those invited to meet her were Miss Sara Sparks, Miss E. Borden, Miss Howland, Miss Louie Gemmill, Miss Gladys Irwin, Miss Helen Scarth, Miss Grant and Miss Alice Fitzpatrick. Friday's third luncheon party was that at which Mrs. Gemmill of Cliffside entertained some of her married lady friends, who included Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Bronson, Mrs. Machado, Mrs. Reginald Daly, Mrs. Toller, Mrs. Arthur Kohl and several others.

Dinner parties were also a popular mode of entertainment during the week, and the first was on Tuesday, to which Hon. Sidney Fisher, who is one of the most popular and indefatigable hosts in the Capital, invited the Earl of Dundonald, Major and Mrs. Maude, Colonel and Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mrs. Cheney and Miss Griffin. Like all Mr. Fisher's entertainments, it was most enjoyable. Three of the popular visitors in Ottawa were the guests of honor at a "girls' dinner" given by Mrs. Robert Gill on Monday, when Miss Corbould, Miss Helen Thompson and Miss Naomi Temple shared the honors and ten of the Capital's brightest society girls were invited to meet them. Miss Temple had postponed her departure from Ottawa and did not leave until Thursday, when she went as far as New York with Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. Gill and Miss Thistle, who, like so many, have gone to Atlantic City to avoid the stormy weather of the month of March.

Mr. and Mrs. James Woods and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Edwards have also joined in the exodus from this arctic climate and have left for Atlantic City and other points in the Southern States, where they expect to remain until Easter. Mrs. J. B. Fraser and Miss Isabel Fraser are intending to leave on Tuesday for the more balmy climate of Atlantic City.

The hockey match between the Ottawas and Marlbors of Toronto was the cause of many pleasant little gatherings after the game and one of the jolliest suppers of the season was that given by Mrs. Drummond Hogg on Tuesday night when Dr. Arthur Wright was her guest and she invited a merry party of young people to meet him, including the following: Miss Evelyn Willett of Montreal, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Vera Toller, Miss Isabel White, Miss Carrie McLaren, Miss Marjorie Blair, Messrs. Sam McDougall, H. Christie, J. Toller, H. Hutchinson, S. Gilmour and several others.

Teas, although few, have not been entirely out of the running and several small and informal ones have come off. Mrs. James McLaren was the hostess at a "girls' tea" on Wednesday in her pretty new home in Kent street. Mrs. Clayton invited a number of ladies on Thursday at the tea-hour to meet Mrs. Bruce Carruthers. Captain Carruthers has just received a military appointment in connection with the new Signal Corps, which Ottawans are hoping will necessitate the removal of Captain and Mrs. Carruthers from Kingston to Ottawa to reside.

Lady Cartwright was the hostess at a most enjoyable gathering on Tuesday evening, which combined a bridge party and a musicale, which proved a very charming innovation. Miss Amy McLimont was the guest of honor on this occasion and those invited were Dr. and Mrs. Gibson, Colonel and Mrs. Denny, Miss Helen Thompson, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Beatrice Ritchie, Miss Honor Clayton, and Miss Jessie Gilmour, the two latter contributing largely to the pleasure of the evening. Miss Gilmour with her sweet singing and Miss Clayton with numerous selections on the violin. Other guests were Mr. D. C. Campbell, Mr. E. T. B. Gillmore, Mr. Coates and Mr. Tom Gordon.

The members of the Ottawa Hockey Club are very busy nowadays arranging for the coming grand carnival which it is proposed to hold shortly in Aberdeen Rink, and which will be one of the grandest of the kind ever held in Canada. As it is now so late in the season the arrangements will have to be completed in a very short time and a meeting was held at Mrs. John Gilmour's on Wednesday, when a number of ladies met the committee and it was decided to divide the carnival into various courts. The following ladies consented to take charge of the different divisions: Mrs. John Gilmour has had the Riding Court allotted to her management; Mrs. Victor Rivers will look after the Japanese Court; Mrs. George Murphy the Deth Court; Mrs. Lyons Biggar the Chess Court; Mrs. D'Arcy Scott the Golf Court; Mrs. Glynn Osler the Gipsy Court, while Military Courts will be arranged by Mrs. Maynard Rogers, Mrs. Colborne Meredith and Mrs. Robert Brown. The usual grand march, which always starts the ball rolling on these occasions, will be led by His Excellency and Lady Minto, the members of the respective courts skating together. It is expected that there will be a great deal of competition between the ladies who will manage the courts, as prizes are to be presented for the best arranged courts and also to the pair whose costumes are considered to be the most artistic. The date of the carnival will depend on good deal on the state of the weather, but if a thaw does not show signs of immediate arrival, the 14th of March will be fixed upon. However, in case of a mild spell, an earlier date will be chosen.

The last of the very enjoyable series of skating parties at Government House came off on Saturday afternoon, when the "world and his wife" turned out, owing no doubt to the fact that it was to be the last, and as far as the weather was concerned, nothing better could have been desired. Before the party broke up a photograph was taken of a large group in front of the ice palace, which is still as perfect as the day it was built. It is probable, if the cold weather still continues, there will be many an informal skating party at Government House yet before the close of the season.

Ottawa, Feb. 29th, 1904.

THE CHAPERONE.

Birch Creek Canon.

By shadowed banks the water murmurs on,
Where shelving ledges shut the light away,
With glitters from the darkness come and gone,
And ripples gleaming out against the day.
And silver flash of fins, where lurking trout
From the green shadow of the ledge leap out.

A black birch swings its lustrous branches down,
Flecking the sunlight through its checkered screen,
Above the boulders mossed with lichens brown,
And fallen leaves, and starry tufts of green.
On either slope the serr'd fir trees wait
Rank after rank, to guard the canon gate.

(O my heart's heart, beyond that guarded wall
A world of struggle lies between us still;
Yet you are here! I felt your shadow fall
But now across the grassy sunlit hill,
And where the fir-boughs yonder interlace
Could I but venture, I should find your face.)

MABEL EARLE.

Patti's Farewell Tour.

In the course of one of Adelina Patti's last tours in the United States, the following preliminary notice was published by a certain Western editor: "Madame Patti Nicolin, the eminent vocalist and farewellist, will come to us for positively the last time next year. All those who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on this trip, for Patti never says good-by twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her strike her high two-thousand-dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woeful ignorance of the heights to which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales, and who uses only one kind of soap, can soar when she tries."

The Quatrain.

Four lines with but a single thought,
Or maybe without any;
Two rhymes that render one distraught—
A poem for a penny—"The Reader."

By the Way.

By CANADIENNE.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE have entered upon a new activity that promises interest for Young Canada. Already, "Children's Chapters" have been formed as a junior branch of the order, and a system of correspondence is being arranged between children in this country and those in other parts of the Empire. Patriotic programmes have been prepared to be used in schools on the last Friday in the month, with the approval of the Minister of Education. Last month, a definition of Imperialism, a sketch of the careers of Beaconsfield and Gladstone, and of such sturdy Canadians as Dr. Ryerson, Hon. Robert Baldwin and Sir John A. Macdonald, with readings of "Brief Biographies" and "The Man Without a Country" should have furnished variety and instruction for the closing Friday. The programme, as a whole, is stimulating and informing, while in contemplating its introduction it is well to consider these sentences from an editorial article in the "News": "The justification of introducing the subject of Canada's relations with the Empire into the schools will depend upon the manner of treatment and the spirit which animates the teaching body. It will never do to have politics in the schools. Handled with judgment and knowledge, there is no necessary connection between a consideration of Imperial interests and the dangerous controversies that arise from political discussion." There are, of course, certain critics who, taking the view that Imperialism means brag and bluster, fear that Canadian youngsters, after a course of these programmes, will become jingoistic nuisances, flourishing the flag on all occasions and giving orations on Nelson and Cecil Rhodes on the slightest provocation. On the contrary, a sensible and systematic study of our Empire's development and of the careers of "the men of little showing" who have worked in the far corners of Asia, Africa and America for that Empire ought to steady youthful patriotism and enable each young Canadian to give a reason for the loyal faith that is in him. Anything of a "party" character should be rigidly excluded, as there is no question that Canada "has more politics to the square inch than any other country." But can any one imagine better training towards broad ideas concerning Canada's development than the consideration of two such widely different statesmen as Hon. Robert Baldwin and Sir John A. Macdonald? Everything depends on our teachers, in this regard, and most of us have sufficient confidence in their ability and judgment to believe that they will carry out these programmes with intelligence and enthusiasm. We belong to the British Empire and we are not ashamed of the connection. There is every reason why Canadian children should learn something about Australia, New Zealand, India and South Africa. I only wish that the Daughters of the Empire had been in existence in my childhood, for I should have brighter memories of the teaching of Canadian history. As it is, I recall a musty, fusty "domine" who asked interminable questions about the "Rebellion Losses Bill" and the terms of the "British North America Act," all of which I was obliged to write out after school for reading "The Last of the Mohicans" when I should have been "paying attention." The plan for correspondence is excellent, introducing a bright human element such as no text-book could supply. Think of a small boy in Toronto exchanging letters with another small boy in Auckland and learning in that way about the place that is "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart!" In the past, we Canadians have not erred on the side of over-acquaintance with our country's and our Empire's history. There is no need for becoming arrogant and boastful, but there are serious reasons for realizing the extent and resources of the lands where the Union Jack is flying. The Daughters of the Empire are to be congratulated on the good sense and patriotic spirit with which they have inaugurated this movement.

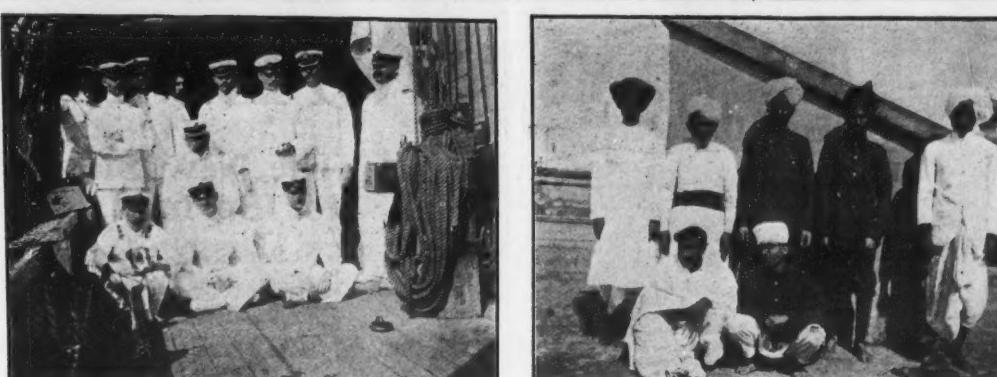
If there is a person to be avoided it is he or she who makes a boast of "candor" and "frankness" loudly asserting, "I say just what I think." . . . I'll never go behind your back to say what I think. . . . Well, I always did believe in plain speaking." The people who insist on giving an honest opinion, who say just what they think, and pride themselves on so doing, should be led out and shot. They are the unpleasant creatures who, not content with calling a spade a spade, are always flourishing that uninteresting implement and insisting that its ugliness and worth should be recognized. Jerome K. Jerome said a very wise thing when he declared, "I don't care what a person says behind my back, so long as he is agreeable to my face." What does it matter about the things said about us when we are absent? If we think that we are being unpleasantly discussed, why, we can amuse ourselves after the same fashion. Life is entirely too short for us to spend any of its fleeting moments in worrying over the disagreeable things we do not hear. But when the candid person arrives and begins to tell us plain and wholesome truths for our soul's good we feel that it is not pleasant to be alive and that the sunshine has suddenly become obscured. But there is a way of silencing and banishing the candid person. Become frank yourself. Tell the sincere and unperturbable acquaintance that he made an awful break in his speech on the rise in cotton, or, if the frank person belongs to the other sex, inform her that you cannot understand why she wears mauve, because it is so trying to a sallow complexion. There will be a brief unpleasantness, but a respite will follow. The candid friend never will take his own medicine, and the only way to work a cure is to force a dose upon him.

The case of the United States Government against Helen Welsmann-Post, the "mental-science healer," on a charge of fraudulently using the mails, is attracting some attention, owing to the extreme softness of sentiment expressed by the lady. She received thousands of letters from persons desirous of being treated, and these epistles, it is said, were answered by clerks according to this form: "Look to me with quiet trust and there will come to you a vitalizing stream of life, and you will feel, oh, so good. When I bring to your mind the sweet consciousness of your oneness with eternal life you will experience a joy that you have never known," etc., etc. We have known similar healers in Toronto who did their business on a smaller scale, but who nevertheless made a comfortable little pile before returning to the great republic. I know of a Toronto woman who became extremely nervous and hysterical and who finally sought the services of a person with psychic frills whose conversation was flavored with Buddhism and Omar Khayyam. She gave to the nervous lady a card with certain texts inscribed thereon, such as "You are part of the Eternal," "You are soul," "The Divine dwells in you," and gave instructions that the hysterical person was to survey these daily for half an hour. The "patient" had a nice little account to pay and was so ridiculed by her unsympathetic family, who refused to see the sublimity of the texts, that the last state of that lady was much more hysterical than the first. It was a toiling Irishman who said in envy, "for a nice, clane, airy job, I'd like to be a bishop." But for easy gains from easy people the profession of "healer" seems to be far ahead of anything else. It requires fluency, some imagination and, above all, tact—which is said to be the sense of touch to a refined degree.

Items of Sport.

THOSE who did not see the Ottawa-Marlboro hockey games, or who have no practical knowledge of hockey as she is played in the Capital City, cannot fully conceive what it means to play the man instead of the puck—in Ottawa. Here when a man plays the man instead of the puck he makes a half-hearted stab at the puck with his stick and brings the oncoming player up all standing with a solid body blow. For that an alert referee will put him to the fence if he is fully convinced that the player's intention was to get the player and not the black disc. Down in Ottawa it is not only regarded as legitimate play, but a straight body check is looked upon as a very mild method of stopping a man. Down in Ottawa the stick is almost invariably used to stop a man, the cross-check in the most deliberate manner in the throat and face, or the butt is rammed into his solar plexus, neck or jaw without the least compunction. To such work the referee pays not the slightest attention. Neither does he worry himself when one player lifts another off the ice six feet out from the boards and pins him to the wood by following the jolt up with a headlong dive into his helpless opponent, using his stick semi-spear fashion. A chop over the toes or a deliberate stroke at the easily injured knee or the fingers is, too, passed over. In fact about the only thing an eastern referee will bench a player for is for an open swing with his sticks at a man's head or for punching with his fists.

Here, where the men play for the puck and consequently play hockey, any one of these offences would be severely punished. A cross-check is good for three minutes' rest, and so is



Hugli Pilots.

Hindu Servants.



Elephant Piling Teak.

A Glimpse of India.

THese four pictures are like bits of Kipling by way of the camera. First and foremost there is a group of "Hugli Pilots," who are called, in "From Sea to Sea," the resounding title, "those splendid gentlemen." Then come the dusky servants who are thus described by the "Captain" himself: "The man on your left is my bearer (valet); he looks after my clothes, but would on no account carry a plate with an egg on it, tho' he brings chota-hazri (our early small breakfast of tea and toast). This man is a Hindu, and when he shuffles off this mortal coil is burnt! The old man next to him is my khitmatar or table servant. He accompanies me wherever I go, but is getting too old for the work. Next to him is my Durwan—he keeps the gate, admits visitors, keeps out undesirables and will go messages or carry anything not heavier than a letter. Next is the syee (groom) . . . and next to him and apart is the sweeper, a man of the lowest caste. You will not that the others will not stand

near him—in fact, I half thought they would strike at being taken in one group. He looks after my dog, the small Irish terrier, and does all the sweeping-up about the house. The man in white down in front is the cook (and a very excellent cook, too), and the other is our butler—looks after the table linen, is responsible for the silver, table decorations, etc."

Then there is a military-looking camp scene—near Fort Defence, at Diamond Height, where there is "big gun practice." But to the devout reader of Rudyard the best picture is a big elephant and the glimpse of his work. Here the East is a-tac'lin' and we are off to Mandalay with the Tommy who is tired of London.

"Elephants a-plin' teak
In the sludgy, squidgey creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay."

The elephant belongs to Rangoon, in the "Land of Pagodas and Fair Women," and to Captain Knighton Chase we are indebted for these pictures of "somewhere east of Suez."

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J. G.

This new 16-foot knockabout class of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association "looks good" all the way around the circuit of the great lakes. Lake Ontario Corinthians, of course, like it because it is the product of their energy and experience and Lake Erie and Detroit yachtsmen are taking to it kindly. In the west small boat men are adopting it so readily because it fills a long felt want. These sailors have for some years recognized the necessity of something to restrict the indiscriminate building in small boat classes. Over Lake Erie and Lake Michigan small boat building has been largely a matter

of taste—every man to his own idea. The result was that racing was always unsatisfactory. Since the publication of the L. S. S. A. restrictions for the class, several Detroit men have started to build in the hope that international races may result. Over in Rochester, too, the class is taking hold with members who hope to take part in an international contest for a cup. In Toronto the class is booming in a healthy way. Designs from the best naval architects on this side of the Atlantic have been secured and the chances are for some superb club racing, and afternoon刷es are anticipated. B. B. Crown-in-shield of Boston, the designer of "Constitution," the Boston scow with which Thomas Lawson made a bid for the honor of defending "America's" Cup against "Shamrock II." and "Illinois" of Chicago, the prospective "Canada's" Cup defender, has been asked to turn out lines for a boat for the class for Mr. Alex. Fasken of the legal firm of Beatty, Blackstock, Ridell & Fasken. Mr. Fasken is a member of the R.C.Y.C. He will have to stack his boat up against a boat in the same class designed by William Hand, Jr., of New York, another prominent United States designer, and handled by Mr. George Gooderham, who formerly owned the well-known 16-footer "Zip." This boat is now being built under the personal supervision of George Gooderham. Both the Q.C.Y.C. and R.C.Y.C. racing programmes take care of the new class.

CORINTHIAN.

Up To Date.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed
Is silent, for the phonograph
Now grinds out tunes instead.

TWO OF A KIND.
Ollie—Urquhart beat me in 1903 by a plugged vote.
Billy—Well, how did you beat me in 1902?**Letter.**

Editorial Correspondent.

It has made their reputation off the birthday of the first and most notable last week, with every reminder of the tree. Curious, is it not, how a survivor even Bunker Hill, and the form of celebrating the nativity of the illustrious founder of an illustrious nation? Turkey's gizzard and cherries in our pudding and cherries in our cake and cherries in our pie and cherries in our marmalade—cherries everywhere!

Yes, a cheater! And when we read again a crumpled up letter that does not often get into print for some keeping. The entire letter is too long to quote in full, of course—any epithet of George Washington's would be—as space is now valued, but after duly explaining the situation and the dire need of his cause for ammunition before the advance could be made on Boston, he concludes:

"Under these circumstances and with these sentiments we have turned our eyes to you gentlemen for relief. We are informed that there is a very large magazine in your island under a very feeble guard. We would not wish to involve you in an opposition in which, from your situation, we should be unable to support you. We knew not, therefore, to what extent to solicit your assistance in availing ourselves of this supply, but if your favor and friendship to North America and its liberties have not been misrepresented, I persuade myself you may, consistently with your own safety, promote and further this scheme so as to give it the fairest chance of success. Be assured that, in this case, the whole power and exertion of my influence will be made with the honorable Continental Congress, that your island may not only be supplied with provisions, but experience every other mark of affection and friendship which the grateful citizens of a free country can bestow on its brethren and benefactors."

The style at least is courtly and diplomatic, and a distinct improvement on the scurvy methods of the recent coup d'état in Panama. One shudders to think how the present rough-and-ready President would have got at that powder. Besides, in common justice to Washington, it ought to be understood that the famous general did not then know that the incident in his father's study was to be his chief claim to posterity, else he undoubtedly would have acted with more prudent regard to the consistency of his future reputation.

If all accounts be true, any allusion to the weather is unpardonable in Toronto, but it may be of some consolation to you to know that conditions over which the genial director of your Meteorological Office has no control have made us all sharers alike in this misery of cold. Some members of your Royal Astronomical Society will probably attribute the winter, as they did the summer, to coincidence of sun-spot or a shifting of the polar axis; but, however this may be, to plain people there is this satisfaction in possessing a record-breaking winter, and I am sure you will appreciate it in Canada. The "oldest inhabitant" sits very quiet and contemplative beside his fire, with nothing whatever to say. One cold wave has simply followed another with unremitting cruelty, and what with added winds, we have been clawed and torn most mercilessly. I have heard it stated that this winter has cost New York \$12,000,000 more than an ordinary one would, including extra coal consumption, charities and snow cleaning. Unfortunately, too, this city is wholly unprepared for such polar attacks and between bursting water pipes and gas pipes the plumbers have been finding gold nuggets under every snow-drift. Shipping is the worst sufferer on the whole, and at times communication has been entirely cut off with the mainland; and, while the world may not have appreciated it, this island of Manhattan has been as effectively isolated as if she had been cast in mid-ocean. At best the ferry service has been altogether unreliable, the Staten Island service particularly, with two of its boats already disabled by ice floes, offering nothing better sometimes than a two-hour trip. Some idea of the precarious state of the channel may be had from the experience of a liner the other day—one of the Wilson Line, I think, and, by the way, the steamer that sank the Bristol City so recently. This boat had only succeeded in cutting her way out to sea when she sprang a leak and had to put back for repairs. Drifting ice floes have in some instances torn vessels from their berths and sent them out helplessly into the current of mid-channel. Others, unable to steer their course, have been simply driven ashore, after tow-lines had been ineffectively tried over and over. The fate of a four-master, the "Intropolis," has in it perhaps the most melancholy irony of all. This ship left Honolulu eleven months ago and after encountering everything the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans had to offer in the way of weather, finally ran aground in sight of the harbor for which its long course was bound. And all this in New York, whose winters are commonly tempered with mercy! I mentioned one satisfaction a moment ago, but to a Canadian resident hereabout, there has been another, a melancholy satisfaction perhaps, and a vindictive one: but until you have been asked a few times "what can be grown in Canada?" or "how far Toronto is from Hudson's Bay," as I have been, and once by a Bryn Mawr graduate at that, you will not appreciate the satisfaction and grim humor there is at sight of these shivering purple-nosed New Yorkers.

One might almost fancy himself in an Irish constituency these days, so vociferous has the cry of "Home Rule" become hereabout. And it may be Irish Home Rule at that, but on the surface it is the city of New York asking at the hands of the State Legislature a charter wide enough to control, among other things, the Sunday sale of liquor. Apparently municipal control does not go as far here as in the cities of Canada, the State holding the purse strings in some very important particulars. There is to be some relaxation in certain directions, but for political reasons the Government of New York State is not disposed to grant such control of the excise as is asked. Of course it is all a pretty little comedy, which everybody in and out of politics quite understands. The Republican hypocrite says that if this matter were left to the open vote of the city every saloon would be thrown open on Sunday. Now, you are very much too "serious" if you think Senator Platt or anyone else in politics cares a "single damn" whether saloons are open or not on Sunday, but they all care many damn for the party vote up State, which would not approve of this immoral legislation. Tammany, of course, wants Home Rule. His power would be increased thereby a hundred-fold, but Tammany, even for such a favor, is not going to make up to the Republicans the loss of the country vote that would inevitably follow.

J. E. W.

A Frosty Adieu.

Good-bye, Winter! Linger not;
Round each chilled and barren spot;
Quite enough of you we've got.

Good-bye, Winter! Linger not.

Good-bye, Winter! Please get out.

We are sick of snow and gout,

"Rheumatiz" and grippsy bout.

Good-bye, Winter! Do get out.

Good-bye, Winter! Hang it all!

You possess a fearful gall.

Don't you know how long to call?

Good-bye Winter! Hang it all!

Good-bye, Winter! Say adieu.

We are cold and mad and blue—

We've no further use for you.

Woosy Winter! Here's adieu.

February 29th, 1904.

TORONTO.

A Chance for Him.

"Would you advise me to go west and grow up with the country?" asked the young man of an inquiring turn of mind.

"You might go west and blow up with it," replied the disgruntled citizen who had just returned from the cyclone belt.

He—Yes, I did labor you at once as the girl I was engaged to in some seasons ago. "What a remarkable man you have, haven't you?" "No—

When Sir _____ disputed the new British Ambassador to the United States, as you know, the Englishmen who had gathered at the reception were greatly surprised. The Spanish ambassador, who was present, remarked, "That union is what makes the

Anecdotal.

William Butler Yeats, the dramatist and leader of the Irish revival, was besieged by a woman who asked him the inevitable question: "What do you think of our newspapers?" Mr. Yeats paused a moment and then said: "They are very wonderful, if for no other reason than that they make you all sometimes look up at God's sky."

Walter Damrosch, at the rehearsal of "Parfisa," told a story to Heinrich Conried. "A certain Indianapolis woman," Mr. Damrosch recited, "one evening, asked me the question: 'What do you think of our newspapers?' Mr. Yeats paused a moment and then said: 'They are very wonderful, if for no other reason than that they make you all sometimes look up at God's sky.'

Zanetti, the magician, had

displaying his dexterity to an interested crowd of spectators in a New York town. Stepping forward, he said: "For my next trick I will require a small flask of whiskey. Will some gentleman in the audience accommodate me with the loan of a flask?" No one stirred. The magician was plainly nonplussed. With an appealing smile he said: "I would prefer a different impression than this is to Kentucky." Perhaps you did not understand me? Will some gentleman kindly loan me a pint flask of whiskey?" Again there was no response, and briefly apologizing, the magician said, he would be compelled to omit this from his repertory for that night. He was turning again to his table when a tall, lank man, in the rear of the hall rose. "Mister—," said he, "would a quiet flask do as well?" producing a bottle of that capacity. "Just as well," replied Zanetti. And every gentleman in the house rose with that size flask extended.

Only 5 Cents a Copy.

The "Four-Track News" for March. On sale at all newsstands.

On the Witness Stand.

The cross-examiner was a smart man, whose object was to disconcert the witness and disconnect his testimony.

"What did you say your name was?" was the first question.

"Michael Doherty."

"Michael Doherty, eh? Now, Doherty, answer this question carefully. Are you a married man?"

"I think so. I was married."

"So you think because you got married that you are a married man, do you?"

"No. I married a woman."

"Who I married? I married a woman."

"Now, don't you know better than to trifle with the court? Of course you married a woman; did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?"

"Yes, my sister did."

Desperation!

First it snows and then it thaws, And then a rain is brewing; And then the doctor has you and You don't care what it's doing.

Washington "Star."

A Test Experiment.

Faecular Power Possessed by a New Medicine.

Of new discoveries there is no end, but one of the most recent, most remarkable and one which will prove invaluable to thousands of people, is a discovery which it is believed will take the place of all other remedies for the cure of those common and obstinate diseases, dyspepsia and stomach troubles. This discovery is not a loudly advertised, secret patent medicine, but a scientific combination of wholesome, perfectly harmless vegetable essences, fruit salts, pure pepsin and bis-



These remedies are combined in lozenge form, pleasant to take, and will preserve their good qualities indefinitely, whereas all liquid medicines rapidly lose whatever good qualities they may have had as soon as uncorked and exposed to the air.

This preparation is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and it is claimed that one of these Tablets or lozenges will digest from 300 to 3,000 times its own weight of meat, eggs and other wholesome food. And this claim has been proven by actual experiments in the following manner: A hard-boiled egg cut into small pieces was placed in a bottle containing warm water heated to ninety-eight degrees (or blood heat); one of these Tablets was then placed in the bottle and the proper temperature maintained for three hours and a half, at the end of which time the egg was as completely digested as it would have been in a healthy stomach. This experiment was conducted to demonstrate that what it would do in the stomach, hence its unquestionable value in the cure of dyspepsia and weak digestion. Very few people are free from some form of indigestion, but scarcely two will have the same symptoms. Some will suffer most from distress after eating, bloating from gas in the stomach and bowels, others have acid dyspepsia or heartburn, others palpitation or headaches, sleeplessness, pain in chest and under the shoulder-blades, intense nervousness as in nervous dyspepsia, but they all have the same cause—failure to properly digest what is eaten. The stomach must have rest and assistance, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets give it both, by digesting the food for it and in a short time it is restored to its normal action and vigor. At the same time the Tablets are so harmless that a child can take them with entire safety. This preparation has already made many astonishing cures, as for instance the following:

"After using only one package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets I have received such great and unexpected benefit that I wish to express my sincere gratitude. In fact, it has been six months since I took the package and I have not had one article of distress or difficulty since. And this in the face of the fact that the best doctor I consulted told me my case was chronic dyspepsia and absolutely incurable, as I had suffered twenty-five years. I suggest everywhere at 50 cents for colored packages. A little book on 'Diseases' mailed free by a F. A. Stuart Company, Mar-

"The Book Shop."

Season of Lent

and the coming of Easter particularly suggest as gift books theological works, Bibles and

Prayer Books

We are showing some exceedingly beautiful Prayer-Books in the new India paper—an immense and unique assortment at popular prices.

Wm. Tyrrell & Son
8 King Street West

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

WHEN you think you know all about anything it is not always with unmixed joy that you find yourself mistaken. I did think no one could give me any pointers about Niagara, having for years adored that wonder of the world, and spent good days and nights portions of nights studying the varied histories and patriotic preference I have generally confined my wanderings to the "American" side, and contented myself with gazing with fascinated eyes at the huge marvel of the Horseshoe Fall. It used to be almost all one could do with it, but guided one day lately by some benevolent fairy, I meandered, perpendicular or horizontal, as my footing and the ice-encased roadway permitted, into the building where now the Horseshoe Fall stands. There sundry uniformed officials make it easy for one to descend to the brink of the river and explore the southern base of the Horseshoe. As with the swine in the Bible story, so the devil entered into me, and prompted me to seek out a steep place and a possible aqueous grave at the bottom. But there are certain formulae! There is a feeling of safety in the charge of a bright-eyed maiden, dressed in a ghastly trouousseau of mackintoshes and rubbers and capotes. She received me with scornful resignation (I had white kid gloves on!) and commanded, "Take off your hat and jacket!" Then she selected which of the funereal waterproofs she thought nearest matched my curves, and approached me with outstretched arms, like a giant bat of gaudy colors. Having settled a awful garment upon me, she fastened the capote over my pom-pom, she buckled the band of the garment close round my neck, and, picking up my petticoats with a practised swoop, she proceeded to arrange them as one does for the small girls who want to "wade" at the beach. I wasn't reassured when she securely fastened the waterproof to the raiment, skin-like, but she took no notice of my feeble efforts to do so. I should if I came uninvited. It was no affair of hers, evidently, and therefore she had neither advice nor opinion on the matter. Then she selected a huge pair of rubbers, and when she had hauled them on, I frankly confess that I was a sight to bring consternation to any timid man's spirit. However, I waddled out, and found a bright young guide in oilskins with a dingly lantern, waiting for me. "There's a man comin'! We'll wait for him!" I was marked, but I firmly declined to wait for anyone, so we went out into the light of day, into a wondrous sunlit world, where every twig was triple-cased in glittering ice, and the most exquisite crystal fringes, inches deep, hung from wires, cables, and fences, in fanciful patterns; where the spray, driven by an east wind, came clouding and misting us, as we strolled across the road to the rude ele-

vator. There was a certain promiscuity about the headpiece of the form came a gush of mirth and a rich voice. "The girl made me put on the trousers, because I am so tall, and the coats are so short. Do I look too awful?" It was a woman, this queer shape, with the contour of a feather-legged chicken, the voluminous skirts of her long buckled into an equally voluminous coat of oilskin, a coat and capote toping her off. Her husband was doubled up with laughter, and I simply sank upon the first cone of ice and shrieked at her as she toiled on her way, her trousers spreading over her feet like a man-o-war's man's, and her prodigious form beautifully silhouetted against the glistening ice. One thing I am certain of—she never got through the tunnel! When we arrived at a vast deshabillee in the tiring-room, and the commanding voice of the girl in waiting enquired, "Like it?" I could only say, "Another lady—" and go off in further hysterics. "Yes, she was funny," said the maiden. "You see, she was too tall, and I just had to," and she joined me in another laugh. "I guess you enjoyed it," she added, and I assured her that it was all quite the most wonderful experience I'd ever had in my life.

LADY GAY.

He's a Veteran of The Crimea.

And He Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills do for Him.

He Knows Others Too Who Have Been Troubled with Kidney Complaint, have Used Dodd's Kidney Pills and are well People To-day.

Birdell, Ont., Feb. 29.—(Special)—

Postmaster Henry Bird of this place is one of those grand old men who carried Britain's flag to victory over the walls of Sebastopol. He tells many interesting tales of those terrible days and how he escaped the terrible and agonies of hardships and exposure.

"I have been troubled for years," he says, "with Kidney Trouble, brought on by lying in the trenches in front of Sebastopol, where thousands of my brothers-in-arms lost their lives. But every time I feel my trouble coming on I use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have found them do me good each and every time.

I never took more than one or two boxes at a time, and so never gave them a chance to make a complete cure in my case. But when I feel my trouble coming back I shall surely use Dodd's Kidney Pills again. For I know Dodd's Kidney Pills can do even more than is claimed for them. I know some of my neighbors who have used them for the same trouble as myself and who are well people to-day."

The Best 5 Cent Magazine on the Market.

The "Four-Track News" for March. On sale at all newsstands.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own or the Editor's time by writing reminders, scraps or postal cards for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Mary Jane—Oh, you selfish little wretch! That is all I have to say to you, except that those brothers I have are not to blame. I am not to blame, either. I am not using telling you not to do as you suggest, but if I am I should shout it at you. As there is no revelation of heart or any inspiration in your lines, I am at a loss how to say anything to that is that.

Kiddie—I suppose the information was late, as expectations were not realized.

That was too bad. I only hope you got through.

A.B.M.—It is a fairly good study,

somewhat vain, but very canny and discreet, desirous of making a good impression, not too careful of detail, easily impressed, but a bit sensible. I think rather undefined, yet, in October, on the other end,

as you express it, if later than that, brings you under Scorpio, a water sign, and capable of splendid development. It

is pure and as white as driven snow. There are no impurities or black specks in it—it is all salt. You hear this everywhere, "As pure and white as Windsor Salt—snow white."

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

When we finally reached the second tunnel the queerest looking object I

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited**The New Silk Waists for Spring.**

It is just about settled that Waists of Jap silks and soft taffetas, particularly white, will be worn quite as freely as the better class cotton waists. It is pleasing to note, too, in this connection that prices for silk waists are to be surprisingly low—some real chic styles are here in soft Japs with fine tuckings and insertions of lace at \$3.50; others with back, front and sleeves tucked and lace trimmed, at \$4.50. Then we have four styles in soft taffeta and Japs at \$5—these are prettily finished with tucking and dainty lace. We show Crepe de Chine and Peau de Soie Waists at \$7.50 and \$9; Pongee Waists, with tucking and colored piping, at \$6, and charming Crepe de Chine and Chiffon Waists at \$9 and \$10; worth your while to see our new waist showing in the Cloak Department.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St.East. Toronto. 10 to 16 Colborne St.

has some deviousness and not always truthfulness, great power and often great gifts. I must scratch that over for your date is rather vague. I like the persistent turn of your thought. You might wiggle but you kept on to a finish.

Patricia—You can get anything on the sort done at the Woman's Depository, King west, opposite the Princess Theatre. It is very popular, a girl exact measurements or don't send if mistakes are made. Glad to be of service to you. No, I did not hear Patti. I have put Patti, Irving, Griffith and other others there on the back shelf, to be taken down never more. Quite right about Bill Tom; he must be a very old Tom by this time. How many years since I saw and heard him first? Did me something modern?

Danny—Oh, how dear of you to write, and thanks many for the enclosure. It is most interesting, and I dare say will be inserted elsewhere. "Saturday Night" goes to a good many queer places, you see, such as the climax. Here's good luck to you, stranger, a speedy return to civilization that is, if you want it, which I don't half believe.

Ups and Downs.

Since I've sworn off I've deeply felt, sir. What uphill work it's drinking seltzer; But that just makes me know what risky And downhill work 'twas drinking whisky key!

Willie—Mamma, can I go to bed half an hour earlier to-night? Mrs. Lewison—What for? "I want to say my prayers ahead for a week."

Shylock—Nor could I answer them, I'm proud to say. More important and precious things have supplanted them. I am a man of the world, under an air sign, a double one. Aquarius people are often rarely gifted and sometimes careless of their stewardship. You do not necessarily have that sort. Read during your early hood days, good novels, good plays; grow familiar (if you are not) with Shakespeare, with biographies of famous men; dip into some scientific subjects; read Tennyson, Byron, Milton, Keats, all kinds; read the dictionary and study meanings of words with which you are not familiar. Read an encyclopaedia, if you can get one of those; read Charles Dickens and get some books on moral science or civic subjects. I could go on with suggestions for a whole page, but don't know enough about your capacity and culture. Your study suggests the vivacious and inexperienced. Fellowship is a capital resource; read the dictionary and study meanings of words with which you are not familiar. 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Women of East and West.

NEW YORKERS—unless it is part of their business—are not readers. I know few women—and hardly any men—whose reading goes much further than the daily paper and a few popular novels. The great student class lies outside and beyond this. What I refer to is the average, educated man and woman that you sit next to at dinner, and meet at your best friend's at tea time. Unless they have especial affiliations with the book world, it is as foreign to them as is the country that extends west of Chicago.

I must confess that I have rather a dread of that determined, unquenchable ardor for culture which ravages portions of the West. It is a terrifying experience to have some fresh-faced, amiable-looking lady in beautiful clothes get you into a corner and ask you your opinion of something or the true symbolic meaning of the character of Kundry. The same sort of person in this section of the republic knows nothing about either, and is rather pleased than otherwise with her ignorance. But worse even than this is the person who wants to talk "literary talk" with you, and when you try to break away to cheerful, frivolous subjects, asks you sternly if you did not find the construction of Mr. Jones' new novel faintly anti-Semitic at times a little to reminiscent of Meredith.

This type is rare in New York. I am vain to confess that I think the women of society here are extraordinarily ignorant, astonishingly deficient in education, and unusually rich in natural brightness. There is a deal of talk about education, but where it is not seriously undertaken by girls who come of studious families, or who will have supplementary lessons later on, the results are almost ridiculous. A year or two ago I was thrown for a space of time among several young girls, the children of rich parents of high social position. They were in the end of their teens just finishing their last terms at school, and to say that all were ignorant, and that some were frankly illiterate, is not stating the case too strongly. It was really astonishing that after the years they had spent in school and the money that had been spent on them, they could have absorbed so little.

The ideals of female education here, and the ideals in the West, are entirely different. The New York woman is trained on much more old-fashioned lines. The purpose of her education is to add to her attracting powers, and fit her, not for a struggle with men for mental supremacy, but for a social position to which she may be called. It is looked to that she has good manners and a pretty voice. Hundreds of rich New Yorkers employ English ladies to walk and talk with their daughters after school hours, so that the little girls may learn the English manner of speech and intonation, which is admittedly prettier than the American. They are taught to speak at least one language beside English, and though they may not be able to speak in their own tongue, they can hold a fluent conversation in French. They know something of art, for they are taken to all the great exhibitions, and they grow up with quite an extensive acquaintance with operatic music, one of their tasks being to attend the matinees performances of the opera.

Girls educated in this manner grow up with great social adaptability, graceful manners, and tactful talk on a variety of current topics. They know nothing thoroughly, and it is not desired that they should. What finishing touches are added as they develop into women come from traveling in Europe and mingling socially with the European connections which they nearly all have. Where they show the natural brightness of the American is that they are never dull, heavy, or dreary. The women of this class are among the most amusing and attractive in the world. They may not know anything, and they may never read, but the one unpardonable sin (where a woman is concerned) they never commit—they do not bore you. From the youngest to the oldest, they are masters of that most important branch of a woman's work in the world—they choose.

The Western manner of education is much more advanced, more serious and more thorough. Its aim is quite a different one; not to render the women more seductive and ornamental, but solely and only to develop her mentality. It is the same principle that makes the female doctor and the female lawyer more successful out there than they are in this section of the country. Whether it is her desire for education, or whether it is the lack of leisurely social life among her forefathers, the Western woman is not so bright, so adroit with her tongue, or so engagingly humorous and sparkling in general converse. She knows a good deal more, reads twice as much, has by far the better mind of the two, but when it comes to being witty, piquant, dainty and coquettish, her Eastern sister is unquestionably on top of the heap.

GERALDINE BONNER.

A Wedding at Westminster.

LADY GRIZEL COCHRANE, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, wished her marriage to the Hon. Ralph Hamilton, Master of Ballincollig, take place in Westminster Abbey. But she has committed the fatal mistake of giving a reason for her claim. She urges that an ancestor, one of the Earls of Dundonald, lies buried in the Abbey. Strictly speaking, only those who live within the precincts or are connected with the service of the Minster Church can "claim" to be married there. The last wedding which took place in the Abbey was that of Canon Hensley Henson to Miss Darnborough of Dennislawn in October of 1902.

Of course, there have been many exceptions to the "rule." Lady Peggy Primrose, Lord Rosebery's daughter, was married there. So were Sir Henry Stanier and Miss Dorothy Tennant, Lady Evelyn Campbell, one of the late Duke of Argyl's daughters, was married in the Abbey; and it is well remembered how far away in the sixties one Newman died, considered wonderful by the marriage there of the two youngest daughters of the Duke of Abercorn—Lady Albertha and Lady Maud.

They were married, as are royal brides, in full evening dress, with court trains and feathers and veils. The two bridegrooms were marquises—one in his own right, the other as heir to a dukedom. The misty aisle of the Abby, ghostly with effigies and memorials of the dead, was transformed that day. The winter sun shone out long enough, at least, for luck; and the Abbey bells swung overhead in a merry wedding-peal. One of those marriages turned out sadly enough, but the other is ideally prosperous.

Lady Grizel is sweet and pretty enough to win very sincere good wishes for her happiness on her wedding day. In Westminster, or some humbler place. Her small brother, the Hon. "Robin" Cochrane, a splendidly handsome boy, is much interested in the



A Man is Only as Old as He Feels.

Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow weaker.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative it removes all poison from the system. Purifies and enriches the blood. It keeps the liver and kidneys active. **Abbey's** possesses the rare quality of being a bowel and stomach tonic, without any re-actionary effects.

At all Druggists 25c. and 60c.

preparations for the event. He is his father's own son, full of determination and military ardor. His chief grief just now is that the miniature uniform of the Second Life Guards, which he proudly wore a year or two ago, is too tight for him. He considers himself as far too big for a page's dress. "Unless one is really a page, a royal one, I know, those silks and satins are a trifle ridiculous." Perhaps he is right.—"Modern Society."

March Number Four-Track News. An interesting magazine. Only 5 cents, any newsdealer.

Bill Brown, Boy.

He was by no means a pretty boy. Nature had been unfair to his face, but his eyes sparkled and he was clean. It is difficult to go behind such returns as these. He observed a "Boy Wanted" sign in a store window and entered the place. The proprietor, a kindly man, sat at a big desk in the corner. Him the boy approached fearlessly, but cautiously. He took off his cap, and waited for the man to look up. The man saw the interrogation points in the boy's eyes.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly, as if inviting to confidence.

"Good morning, sir," responded the boy. "I seen a notice in your—"

"You seen?" interrupted the man with a pronounced accent on the word.

"Yes, sir. I seen a notice—"

"Is 'seen' correct?" asked the man.

"Correct enough for me, sir," said the boy. "Now, if I was pulling twenty-five per week out of the business, I might talk different. But you see I ain't. Even if I was pullin' four per, I might say 'saw,' but what's the good of being particular on nothing a week and find yourself?"

The boy stalled. He could not help it. He had not heard that sort of argument previously.

"But," he said, "when you are out of a job you ought to make the best impression you can in order to get one."

"Good morning," he said pleasantly.

"Good morning, sir," responded the boy. "I seen a notice in your—"

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Black and brown grain leather, leather lined. A very light, handy bag.
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Absolute security for valuables when traveling.
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Social and Personal.

Mr. Harley Roberts had arranged a large dinner for men at the Hunt Club in honor of Sir Charles Tupper, which had to be postponed from Tuesday evening, owing to the snow blockade, which delayed the guest of honor en route.

Dr. G. L. Milne of Victoria, B.C., is in town for a few days; also Mr. G. L. Heatherington of St. John, N.B., the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Matson, Willcocks street.

Captain Arthur Kirkpatrick was sufficiently strong to undertake the journey south this week, and I understand, left with Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn on Thursday for Old Point Comfort.

Friends who had been cheered by favorable reports of Mrs. Vaughan Phillipott's health were shocked to hear of her death yesterday morning at the residence of her mother, Mrs. J. Stephen Monahan, in Breadalbane street. As Josie Monahan, Mrs. Phillipott was a bright and popular girl in many social circles, and her marriage last spring was one of the most joyous events of the month. Since then Mrs. Phillipott has not been always as well as her friends could wish, and some weeks ago had a severe attack of illness, which weakened her heart, her death having been caused by heart-failure. Very sincere sympathy goes to her sorrowing young husband and relatives, who were devoted to the sweet soul they have lost.

The date announced for the marriage of Rev. Derwin Owen, curate of St. James' Cathedral, and Miss Norah Jeletzky is the twenty-seventh of next month.

On the 19th of February, at the Cathedral Church, Pretoria, by Rev. Gore Brown, Mr. Roland Drummond Hays, second son of General Colenso T. B. H. Drummond Hay of the 78th Highlanders was married to Miss Helen Kate, the eldest daughter of C. H. Binney, Esq., the Gables, Carlton, England. The Drummond Hays are a very old and well-known Scotch family in England, whilst Miss Binney is a great-niece of Dr. Binney, the late Bishop of Nova Scotia, being the granddaughter of Colonel Binney of the Royal Engineers, who was a kinsman of the late Bishop. She is the daughter of Mr. J. F. Crowley of Tombadon, Canada College, Toronto.

The opening of the Union House takes place on the 21st at the usual hour in the evening, when it will be followed by the wedding at Rideau Hall and Lady's. An elegant reception at ten o'clock. Zeitz wives of the dinner guests say: "The drawing-room is fortunately aware of the arrival of the dinner guests, to get along in March, when there is the last of the frost from the rigors of winter, so that the weather will be better, and the assumption green him in the room, and the usual argument in the room, so the court bows to the evening."

THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the head office of the company in Hamilton on Tuesday, March 1, 1904. The President, Mr. David Dexter, in the chair. The following reports and financial statement were submitted:

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your directors have the honor to present the report and financial statement of the company for the year, which closed on the 31st December, 1903, duly vouchsafed by the auditors.

The new business for the year consisted of one thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,841,250, of which nineteen hundred and sixteen applications for \$2,748,125.00 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the company have been increased by \$251,572.89, and have now reached \$1,893,900.70, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$2,703,000.70, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$1,711,200, showing a surplus of \$1,052,700.70. Exclusive of unclaimed guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was \$182,760.70.

Policies on seventy lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$130,334.62, of which \$2,000 was re-insured in other companies.

Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, \$41,770.78, with annuities, the total payments to policyholders amounted to \$204,018.49.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the company's funds, in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the directors for your approval show an advance of fifteen per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the company now amount to \$14,945,249.56, upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

The field officers and agents of the company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful in the company's services.

Your directors regret to report the death of Mr. T. H. Macpherson, the Second Vice-President of the company, and a valued member of the Executive Committee. The vacancy thus caused was filled by the election of the Rev. Dr. Potts.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company: Gentlemen.—We have carefully audited the books and records of your company for the year ending 31st December last, and have certified to their accuracy.

The cash and journal vouchers have been closely examined and agree with the entries recorded.

The debentures, bonds, etc., in the possession of the company have been inspected, whilst those deposited with the Government or banks have been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the statement of assets.

The accompanying statements, viz., revenue and assets and liabilities, show the result of the year's operations, and, also, the financial position of the company.

Respectfully submitted,

H. S. STEPHENS,
CHARLES STIFF,
Auditors.

Hamilton, 1st March, 1904.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1903.

Premium and annuity income	\$107,931.77
Interest and rents	76,264.63
	\$ 574,196.40
Paid to policyholders	\$204,018.49
All other payments	172,378.68
Balance	197,799.23
	\$ 574,196.40

ASSETS, DEC. 31, 1903.

Debentures and bonds	\$549,742.20
Mortgages	639,431.93
Loans on policies, bonds, stocks, etc.	280,538.58
All other assets	424,247.99

LIABILITIES.

Reserve fund	\$1,641,500.38
Claims awaiting proofs	38,500.00
Other liabilities	31,190.62
Surplus on policyholders' account	182,760.70
	\$ 1,893,900.70
Assets	\$1,893,900.70
Guarantee capital	870,000.00

Total security \$ 2,763,900.70
Policies were issued assuring \$ 2,748,125.50
Total insurance in force \$ 14,945,249.56

The foregoing reports and statement were received and adopted on the motion of President David Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. Kervis.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the directors the following officers were re-elected:—Mr. David Dexter, President and Managing Director; Lieut.-Col. Kervis and Rev. Dr. Potts, Vice-Presidents.

ate chamber will blossom like a parterre for the last time under the Minto rule, and some vague rumour has it that Lord Dunonald, to be the next vice-regal personage, but it has floated about unconfirmed so far. To say that the present delightful people in occupancy at Rideau will be sincerely regretted and deeply missed is only to

state a very obvious fact. Their sojourn in Canada was prolonged by a year, but this seems only to render it harder to say "so long" by the end of this year. Dullness has not had part in their record, nor ought but the pleasantest relations marked their social career. Without descending to silly sentiment, a sincere liking has grown

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No. 124—Sideboard.

Mahogany Dining Room Furniture

Our display of furniture for the dining-room includes some very choice productions in Mahogany, and we have selected this Sideboard as well representative of the line. It's fine proportions and classic outlines will appeal to those

who are tired of the heavy furniture commonly shown for this room. Except at our own factory furniture of this class is not made to any extent in Canada, and our prices will be found very much lower than importers can afford to ask for similar goods.

If You Live Out-of-Town Write for our Illustrations.

The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., limited, 97 Yonge Street

The I.O.F. had a Splendid Year.

The Independent Order of Foresters had a splendid year during 1903. The net addition to the membership during the twelve months was 14,123. This is considerably larger than the net additions during 1902. The death rate was also lower being only 6.46 against 6.60 in a thousand as compared with 1902. This indicates how careful this great Fraternal Society is in its selection of its risks. The enormous work which the Order did in helping widows and orphans may be understood from the fact that it paid to them during last year no less than \$1,542,639.01. In sick benefits the members of the Order received \$192,163.71, and totally and permanently disabled brethren received \$84,719.91. Notwithstanding these large and helpful payments to the membership the Order increased its already large accumulated funds during the year by the enormous sum of \$1,234,236.97. The total accumulated funds of the Order on February 1st, 1904, amounted to \$7,518,852.09. The above is certainly a wonderful record. Dr. Oronhyatekha, the Supreme Chief Ranger, is certainly to be congratulated upon the results which are flowing from his labors. The total membership of the Order is now over 220,000. The increase per centum in the assets of the Order during the year was 19.75. The increase per centum in the insurance at risk was only 4.95. This is a splendid showing.

For information address:

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50 YEARS OF SUCCESS

"Canada's Art Piano"

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The success of the entertainments of the Pittsburgh Orchestra and the Mendelssohn Choir was phenomenal, and in each performance the

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

clearly demonstrated its right to the title of "Canada's Greatest Piano." The great demands made on this Piano proved its perfection in every way.

The evenness and elasticity of action, as well as the artistic regulating, combined with a pure singing tone quality, make it possible for the pianist to exercise the finest technique. This Piano never lacks in responsiveness to the most delicate expression.

With the Pittsburgh Orchestra and the Mendelssohn Choir, the Heintzman & Co. Piano is only repeating the wonderful triumphs which it has won with such musicians as Friedheim, Jonas, Watkin Mills, Albani, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and others on their tours throughout the Dominion.

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Deaths

Burden—Feb. 28, Toronto, Henry Burden, aged 77 years.

Carter—Feb. 29, Toronto, Edward T. Carter, aged 72 years.

Elton—Feb. 29, Toronto, Daniel Morse, aged 71 years.

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Elton—Feb. 29, Toronto, Lavinia Ross, aged 66 years.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker

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150 YORK STREET

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